The Outlook

Volume 143 July 14, 1926 Number 11

What Is the Hurry?

ACCORDING to Roy G. Finch, State Engineer of New York, there is an "enormous waste of water" on the northern boundary of the State "that should be utilized." He declares that "the harnessing of the waters of the St. Lawrence" in that region "can provide four times the power that can be generated at Muscle Shoals and nearly twice that now produced at Niagara Falls."

In a report to the New York State Water Power Commission on the application of two power companies to develop this water power he describes and compares the different plans that have been put forward. He explains that whatever plan is adopted must be arranged in conference between the State of New York, the Province of Ontario, the United States Government, the Canadian Government, and the International Joint Commission. He describes the limitations that should be placed upon any grant by the State of New York. He recognizes that all the people of the State have an interest in this natural resource. He discusses in particular the question whether the license fee should be so low as to enable users to get low rates or so high as to make it a source of income for the people of the whole State. He urges the speedy development of this great source of power.

Haste in the development of resources is by no means always wise. Irrigation in the West was undoubtedly too rapidly developed. Indeed, the early advocates of reclamation warned Congress against going ahead too fast. Water that irrigates unneeded farms or creates industry in an over-industrialized era may go to waste as truly as if it never entered an irrigation ditch or turned a turbine. Power that relieves men of drudgery is welcome, but power that simply means new industrial problems, new cities, new slums, is a doubtful blessing. Before developing present water supplies we need not only a survey of the water power available but of the society it is designed to serve.

Keystone

Roy G. Finch

Two Strikes

ORDINARILY if one should say to a New Yorker, "Two strikes!" in the game of association of ideas he would reply, "Home run!" Immediately after the Fourth of July, however, particularly if he lived uptown and had business downtown, he would respond with "Taxicab," or merely a look of weariness. Fortunately, only one of the strikes is on a transportation line—the Interborough subway. The other big strike is in the cloak and suit industry.

Both of these strikes illustrate the chaos and anarchy into which industrial relations still too easily lapse. Though industry has made great strides toward democracy in recent years, it still has a long road to travel. Neither of these strikes is primarily directed by employees against employers. In the cloak and suit industry the strike is really against exactions of the jobbers, who are not employers of the strikers at all. In the case of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company the strike is directed against the existing union of subway employees, which the strikers declare to be too much under company control.

The employers in the cloak and suit industry are almost helpless because they cannot change the conditions which the jobbers by their demands and their contracts have created. The subway company cannot arbitrate the dispute with the striking motormen and switchmen, because arbitration would recognize a new organization and thereby contravene the contractual relations the company has with the union from which the strikers have seceded.

The cost of such strikes is always paid by the public. In these cases it will be paid by the women who buy garments and, in inconvenience and in time, if not in money, by the users of the subway. There ought to be some way by which the public could insist that industrial relations be placed upon something else than a war basis. Some day such disputes will not be fought out by strikes, but argued out before tribunals.

San Francisco's Labor War

SAN FRANCISCO is in the throes of an unusual labor dispute. A strike was called from Indianapolis by the International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. It has nothing to do with wages or hours, but is a frank effort to break the "American plan," which for five years governed successfully the building operations of San Francisco. The strike order leaves no doubt on this point. It reads:

> You are hereby notified that on and after that date [April 1, 1926] non-union carpenters cannot work on the same job in this district with carpenters holding membership in the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

The wording of the order is significant. It does not say that union men cannot work with non-union men, but that "non-union men cannot work with union men." The onus of action is not on

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members of the Brotherhood, but on non-members. It is clearly a warning and a threat to non-union men. That it has been so construed by supporters of the Brotherhood the present reign of violence throughout the whole Bay region leaves no doubt.

For several weeks a veritable reign of thuggery has obtained. Contractors, superintendents, engineers, non-union carpenters, have been daily victims of wrecking crews of union men. Their practice is to drive up in front of a job, leap from their automobiles, swarm over the job and strike right and left with whatever weapons they may have. Large numbers of men have been seriously injured. Prosecution is difficult, partly owing to the indirect intimidation of the elected police judges, partly to the abundance of funds supplied from the Brotherhood headquarters for fines and bailing out offenders.

The struggle, as the Industrial Association of San Francisco quite justly insists, is one of principle. The Association policy is that no association of employers or employees shall enter into agreements contrary to public welfare, and it claims that it has devoted more attention to securing fair play for the workers than to resisting their demands.

There appears to be no room for doubt that the "American plan" has worked well there. Questions of wages, hours, and working conditions have been fixed by an arbitration board on which are entitled to sit representatives of employers, labor, and the public. The union has refused the offer of representation, so the practice is to appoint as representing labor's view a public man known for his favorable labor attitude. All parties are privileged to present their cases, and decisions are arrived at after the manner of a court of law.

The Association, moreover, has established trade schools for apprentices, organized free employment offices, and brought about a remarkable degree of co-operation among all concerned in the building trade. As much as this is generally admitted. There seems to be little doubt that the present strike was called from the headquarters in Indianapolis because the plan was establishing to a dangerous degree the principle of the open shop.

What makes the matter one of National importance is that it is not a trade dispute in the ordinary sense of the term, but a war on the part of a powerful trade union to enforce its will not only on its members but on non-members and on the public. Such a state of things cannot be tolerated in this country any more than it was tolerated in England a few weeks ago.

"Valkomna"

SWEDISH America, any one west of Chicago will tell one, is Minnesota. The visiting Swedish Crown Prince and his Princess have heard from the lips of their countrymen there the welcomed "Valkomna."

At any time the Prince would have been enthusiastically received by the Swedish citizens of the country, but it happens that this visit comes at a time when the Swedes of America are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of their advent into the New World, and for that reason he was doubly welcomed.

In his address of welcome Governor Christianson, of Minnesota, said: "We are heirs of two worlds; we have inherited the almost unlimited natural resources of America and the ripe culture of Europe. We should not deserve much credit if we did not build out of these the greatest civilization man has achieved."

The Prince during his visit remarked, "We thought when we awoke we were in Sweden; there were the same red barns, the same trees." He named the nationality of the Minnesota farmer. For it is on the farms that the Swedes, many of them, have tilled their way to independence. Later he said: "Those of Swedish birth and descent have drawn heavily on their spiritual inheritance from across the ocean in order to take that prominent part in American citizenship which I am proud to know they have attained."

If the Swedish inheritance has helped —and no doubt it has—in enabling these people to turn Swedish qualities to account in the making of Americans and America, both America and Sweden can justify a greater pride in them than could ever be felt for Swedish-Americans and a Swedish America.

An Experts' Plan for France

FRANCE has applied the Dawes Committee idea to herself. That international body of economic experts devised a plan for the reform of German finance when the old currency of Germany had lost its worth. Their plan became the basis of the present reparations program. Just so, with the French franc falling rapidly in exchange value and purchasing power, a committee of French experts has devised a financial plan for France.

But back of the Dawes Committee plan was the international power of the Allies and the United States. And the final force that made Germany acquiesce in the experts' proposals was the French army in the Ruhr Valley. Without that occupation of her most valuable industrial district, Germany might have continued her resistance to the payment of reparations for some time longer even at the cost of her own prosperity. There is and should be no question of an international organization to coerce France. The question for France is whether her Parliament will accept the plan which her own experts declare to be necessary.

The French Government cannot turn the French army against the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. These political bodies, split up into many factions and dominated by partisan motives and personal ambitions, hitherto have blocked any policy of national retrenchment and economy. Premier Briand, with his reconstituted Cabinet, has a reasonably secure majority of votes in the Chamber of Deputies. The presentation last week of the new finance and tax proposals marks the sharpest and perhaps the final test of his long career as a maker and leader of Ministries.

The French economic experts call for a drastic program. It comprises rigorous economy in administration, strict balancing of expenditure and income in the Budget, no more borrowing from the Bank of France, consolidation of the national floating debt, freedom for capital, and, finally, exact fulfillment of all obligations of the state, including the payment of its foreign debts and the arrangement of foreign credits on a basis of long-term loans.

The man who has been put in charge of this program is Caillaux, who came to Washington last autumn as Finance Minister, heading a mission to attempt the adjustment of the French war debt. There is no shrewder politician or more audacious financier in France. Whether the Parliament will give the necessary support to this man, who was exiled during the war on charges of treason and treating with the enemy, remains to be seen. With the strong leadership of

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Very valiant creatures

(Henry V, Act III, Scene 7)

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

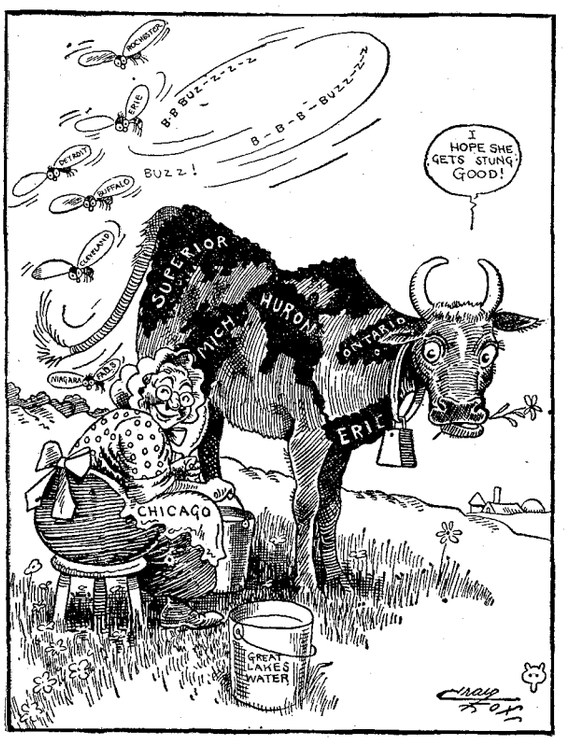
No results, but plenty of exercise

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Satterfield for Editors' Feature Service

His campaign clover patch

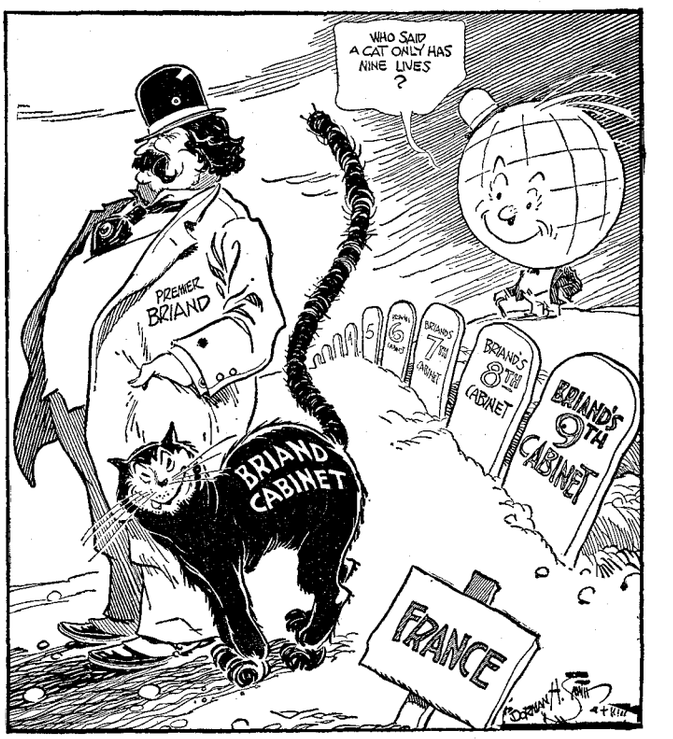
Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle and Rochester Herald



Still at it

From Mrs. L. E. Gates, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Dorman H. Smith



This is certainly no ordinary cat

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Briand as head of the Cabinet, and with the nation thoroughly aroused to the emergency, Caillaux has the best chance he has had to show what he can do. The Radicals and Socialists undoubtedly will oppose him and continue to agitate for their scheme of a forced levy on capital as a means of relieving the financial difficulties of the Government. But it has been shown that their plan could not command a majority in Parliament. It is to be expected that the conservative principles of the experts' report will be carried into effect. Another deadlock in the Parliament would mean that the only recourse left to the Government would be to resign and call for new general elections to test directly the will of the French people.

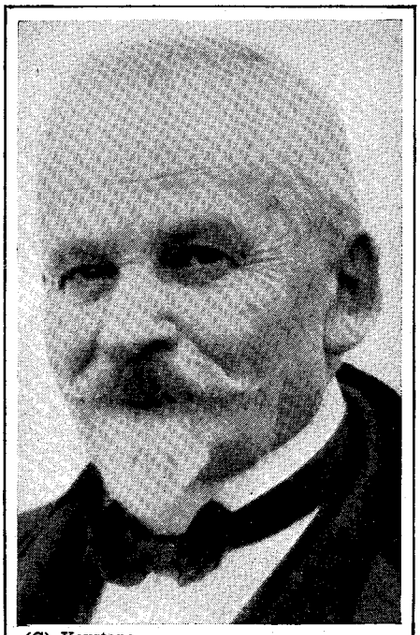
Productivity and Profits

THE theory of mass production now so widely proclaimed in manufacturing as a means of making more money does not seem to apply to farming, and, in particular, to orcharding. The recent report of the Wenatchee, Washington, International Apple Growers Association shows that the 1925 apple crop for that region will be worth, when finally marketed, $18,000,000, produced at a cost of $16,000,000. The 1924 harvest was much smaller. It brought in $18,000,000 also, but cost only $13,325,000. That is to say, 12,660 car-loads were more than twice as profitable to the grower as 16,100!

The Administration and Agricultural Relief

THE Fess amendment to the Jardine Co-operative Marketing Bill, offered to the farmers' organizations as an Administration measure in lieu of the Haugen Bill, suffered the most overwhelming defeat that has come to any Administration measure in recent years. But, while the Administration measure was defeated by a vote of 26 to 54, it does not necessarily follow that the Administration purpose will be in the long run defeated at all.

When the vote came in the Senate, the Administration controlled a bare majority of Republican Senators. Twenty-three Republicans voted for the measure, twenty-one against it. This despite a public statement issued by the President urging the adoption of the amendment, numerous conferences held in the effort to win votes for it, and the presence in the lobby of Secretary of Agriculture Jardine actively urging Republican Senators to support the President.



(C) Keystone

Emile Coué, whose methods of inculcating autosuggestion as a cure for some ills gained great vogue in this country a few years ago—especially the repetition of the words, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better"—died in France on July 2

The advocates of the Haugen Bill voted against the Fess measure because they did not believe that it offered enough aid. Some other Republicans voted against it because they believed that the aid it offered would be too much. The Democrats, with three exceptions, voted against it, partly for these reasons, partly because of traditional Democratic opposition to so-called special privilege, perhaps partly because of a desire to embarrass the President.

It would be idle to say, as some are saying, that the views of President Coolidge with regard to agricultural relief have not changed since this session of Congress began. The several measures offered or suggested, each with the promise of Administration support and each going somewhat further than its predecessor, indicate that they have. And it is greatly to the credit of President Coolidge that he has modified his views with fuller knowledge of the situation. The country, we believe, has done the like. Out of the discussion of the various agricultural relief measures has come the realization that the agricultural problem is an economic problem for the Nation to solve. The advocates even of the Haugen Bill, unsound as that measure essentially was, performed an important public service in bringing the facts of the farmer's situation to the attention of the country.

The Fess proposal—which is also the Tincher proposal—may not be the best that can be devised to meet the situation. It is the best of the proposals made at this session of Congress. It may be that the Administration view will be still further modified during the recess. It may even be, despite the rough handling of the Fess amendment, that the demand will be modified, that the agricultural organizations will adjust their view, as the President has adjusted his. The fact may be more nearly known after the dust cloud settles out there on the prairies, which is likely to follow immediately the November election.

Primarily Primaries

GERALD P. NYE, the newest of the insurgent Senators, and one of the most consistent in his opposition to Administration measures, has won a double victory in the North Dakota election and Republican primary. He was elected to fill out the unexpired term on which he is now serving by appointment, and he was nominated by the Republicans for the full term succeeding the short one. His opponent, L. B. Hanna, ran as a "Coolidge Republican," though without specific indorsement by the Administration.

The result is generally construed as an expression of dissatisfaction of North Dakota Republicans with Administration policies, particularly with that concerning agricultural relief. All such constructions are, of course, peculiarly liable to error. Primaries and elections involve numerous questions and cannot be regarded as referendums on particular questions. None the less the habit of trying to explain them as such is widespread. The following sentence presents a case in point:

> Andrew J. Volstead, father of prohibition, and other Minnesota dry adherents had something of a shock to-day when they realized that Minnesota wets had nominated all three candidates for Representative in Congress—Republican, Democratic, and Farmer-Labor—in the Fourth District

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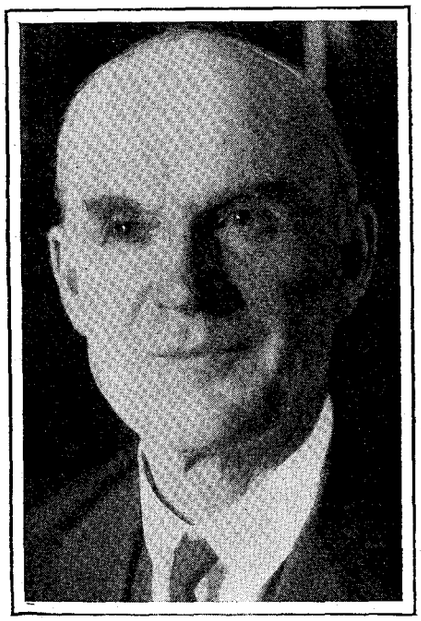


International

Senator Simeon D. Fess

That opening sentence of a despatch from St. Paul is illustrative of the general perversion of the truth these days with regard to the potency of the wet and dry issue in all sorts of political contests. Only the week before much was made of the assertion that the drys won three contests in New Jersey, the wettest of all wet States. In each State certain men were nominated because of certain sets of political circumstances, complicated and multiform, in which the wet and dry issue was of little importance. The sum total of such things will probably not affect the character of Congress in the least.

The Minnesota primaries were such as Minnesota primaries ordinarily are. Magnus Johnson won the Farmer-Labor nomination for Governor, just as he has won one nomination or another from that new party for some time past; the Republican organization remained in control of Governor Christianson; and the weak Democratic organization did not change masters. Only a zealot or a purveyor of publicity can discover any profound significance in any part of the result.

Primary or Convention?

THE result of the State party conventions in New Jersey is graphically described in a newspaper's headlines as "Democrats Wringing Wet and for Primary Law, G. O. P. Dry and for Convention."

The primary or convention question was closely contested by the Republicans as between the Stokes-Edge followers, who favored the change, and the Frelinghuysen-Kean partisans. The predictions are that ex-Governor Stokes and ex-Senator Frelinghuysen will meet again in 1928 as contestants for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. The change advocated would turn party primaries into conventions made up of delegates elected by voters chosen from the county party units. The Democrats heartily indorsed the present primary system and charged Republican opposition as due to "alarm at the active interest in primary contests of the women."

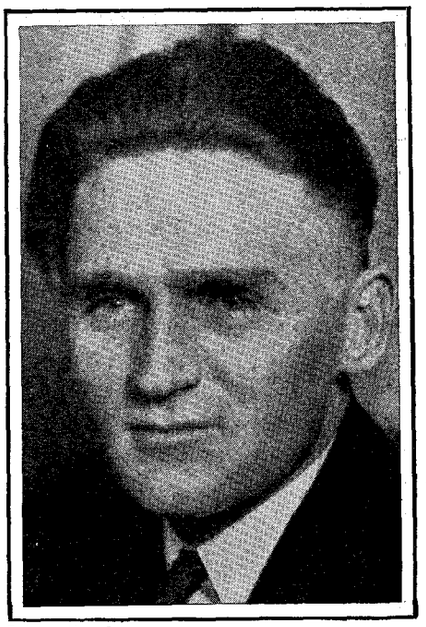
The headline above quoted would have been more epigrammatic and more adequate if it had read "moderately dry" to balance the "wringing wet." The mild approval of law enforcement was carefully framed to avoid mention of prohibition. The Democrats were flatly opposed to anything that would interfere with the sale of liquor.

We discuss the primary system elsewhere in this issue.

Money and Politics

A GROUP of Pennsylvanians, including men of wealth and master politicians, in an effort to elect their own candidates have spent money without stint. Another group have bid against them. Each group have won a share in the victory. The losers have been those of a third faction who could raise only a sum barely equaling the Newberry fund in the Michigan primaries a few years ago, at which some hardened politicians affected to be shocked.

That, in one version, is the story of the Pennsylvania primary as told in the Senate hearings. But there is more to the story than the amount of money spent. A part of the story is the way it was spent. There is, for instance, the incident of the vast army of "watchers" hired at ten dollars each a day. For the most part these were blown-in-the-bottle, dyed-in-the-wool veterans of previous campaigns, having their fixed price and waiting to be hired by any one who had the money. They were employed, not merely to scrutinize voters at the polls, but to get out the vote. But even with this sale of the services of workers to the highest bidder the story does not stop; for it goes on to tell where some at least



International

Senator Gerald P. Nye

of the money came from. An astute manufacturer, for instance, paid $300,000 into the treasure-chest of one group. Pennsylvania's manufacturing interests have thrived under high protection. Whether there is a connection between that fact and the political contribution of industrial magnates is a public question, and is a part of the story that should be told.

Are such large sums of money, raised in such ways and spent in such ways, needed in order that the people may have candidates to vote for? It does not seem so. For many years the State of Maine was represented in Washington by men of exceptional influence and power. The names of Reed, Dingley, Hale, and Frye are distinguished in Congressional history. They were not men of genius; but they were men of ability who were permitted to accumulate experience. Term after term they were sent back to Washington, and in time they became National figures. It would be impossible, we suppose, to ascertain how much money was spent in behalf of their candidacies throughout their political lives, but it would be surprising to learn that it was more than a minor fraction of the cost of the single primary in Pennsylvania last May.

Their careers, of course, ended before the days of the popular primary. Shall we say, then, that the evils of money in politics are the fruit of the new primary system? Hardly. The same period that produced those men of Maine produced also Cameron, Quay, and Penrose of Pennsylvania. And, on the other hand,

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the popular primary which produced in Pennsylvania political funds amounting to more than $2,000,000, allowed Senator Moses to secure a renomination without the personal expenditure of so much as a cent, and named ex-Senator Brookhart for the Senate without any money scandal.

It appears, then, that the old system and the new, the system by which candidates were named in convention and caucus and that in which they are named at the polls, can both produce good and evil.

It has often been said that the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. It was thought that the substitution of a primary election for nomination by caucus or committee would make nominations more democratic. But did it? Is there anything less democratic than the purchase of votes or of nomination machinery by so-called "vested interests"? And is money the only menace?

To be nominated in a primary a man must be known to the voters. How? He may be known by distinguished service —but possibly in another field than public office. Admiral Dewey was a popular candidate for a while, but his distinguished service as an admiral did not fit him for public life as a statesman, or even as a politician. A man may be known by sensationalism and demagoguery and need pay no more for his publicity than he pays by throwing scruples to the winds. He may become known by the building up of a great commercial organization, as Henry Ford has done; but not every business executive is necessarily a fit man for the study and practice of public policies. If he is not known otherwise, or, even if personally known, if his views on particular questions are unknown, he may make himself or his views known through the press and the other agencies of publicity. But the employment of such agencies by advertising or otherwise is costly. The great defect in the popular primary is that unfit men who may happen to have a popular reputation have an advantage over those who are not conspicuously placed though they may be more competent.

In spite of its shortcomings, people of these United States are not prepared to abandon the popular primary. But because of its shortcomings they should not be satisfied with it. If they are to protect themselves against new dangers as well as the old, they may well concern themselves with making the popular primary not a court of first instance but a court of appeal. They have not always shown themselves willing to go to the pains of finding out for themselves all they need to know about possible candidates. They might well charge conventions and committees with making the choice of candidates, but withhold for themselves the right to review that choice and to reverse it in a primary whenever they wish.

Democracy never seemed to be in more danger than it is to-day. After a war said to have been fought to make the world safe for democracy, peoples in Europe are turning from certain forms of democracy to something that will bring them order and a sense of certainty. There is little comfort for democracy in the recent happenings in Italy, Spain, Greece, Poland, or even France.

Democracy is in danger from monetary corruption, but it is also in danger from demagoguery. It is in danger from the crook, but also from the fool. It is in danger perhaps most of all from self-complacency. No system can take the place of vigilance.

Meditation and Modernity

THE time has come when something must be said for our own generation, not in defense but in pure praise.

Perhaps we have been indulging recently in overmuch of regretful backward glancing. It is one of the oldest of human bad habits; older than the evil cities of the plains and Lot's wife crystallized on the road with her head turned over her shoulder. While those who indulge it are not always turned to pillars of salt, too frequent indulgence does indicate the presence of a sort of salt-rheum in the blood, with consequent aging and hardening of the mental tendons. We confess our own slight past worship, not because we regard it as serious, but because we would not clamp the forceps on the beam in the public eye until we have wiped the mote out of our own on the corner of a handkerchief.

The fault is National. Worse than that, it is natural. Those of us who think that we think, being older, are always saying mean things of those whom, being younger, we think do not think. And we are too prone to look upon ourselves as the last of the intellectual barons, linked with the glorious past, and they as the outriders of a pusillanimous future. Here is an instance.

Down at Monticello, in Virginia, they loaded Thomas Jefferson's old gig on an automobile and started with it to the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia. Jefferson drove it over that route when he went up there to write the Declaration of Independence. He was eight days on the road. It is quite proper that the old gig should go back; quite proper, too, that the start should be something of a ceremonial. But are these proper words that the presiding official spoke?

> The eight days which young Thomas Jefferson spent along the road in this solitary vehicle were productive of far deeper meditation than our modern means of travel would permit.

It may be that there is here over-emphasis of meditation and under-emphasis of contemplation. The line between the two is fine drawn, but it is drawn. Without striving after the exactitude of the lexicographer, we may say that to contemplate is to look upon all sides of a thing, however hurriedly; that meditation is to look steadily upon a thing, no matter how one-sidedly. It may be that Jefferson meditated more in his gig than a man of comparable mentality would in a modern conveyance; but it must be true that the modern would contemplate more in eight days than Jefferson did in his gig. And, if it is true as a poet said, that

> we thus dilate
> Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate,

contemplation is of larger importance than meditation. It may be that if the men of Jefferson's time could have contemplated more and meditated less, could have seen more sides of the thing even at the expense of looking at them less steadily, they would have avoided that not only not self-evident but unprovable statement to the effect that all men are created equal.

Jefferson on that momentous trip contemplated only forest roads, if the stumps and mud holes permitted. In the modernest of our speed-mad machines, he might have sailed out of a cloud and have contemplated at one swoop that whole eight days of jogging from Alb-

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International

By the thousands, people of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Camden, New Jersey, swarmed across the bridge between the two cities that was opened on July 1. It is the longest suspension bridge in the world, in this respect taking the place of supremacy occupied for a few months by the Bear Mountain Bridge over the Hudson. There is no other bridge over the Delaware within one hundred miles of its mouth

marle to the Delaware and with seven days to spare, might have looked down upon an Andean Indian roasting his bird's eggs on a hot rock and a Kurile Islander eating them, raw but solidified by age, out of the shell—that just by way of seeing that all men are not created equal.

But the airplane is more modern than the meditations of the functionary at the Monticello ceremonial. He contemplated the automobile. And what we started out to say is that travel by automobile, current and common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, is not unprovocative of meditation, perhaps not less provocative than travel by gig. True it is that urchins dart out from alleys and areaways to keep the autoist always dodging, but they do say that the colonial giggist of the forest roads had no rest from the pesky deer bolting across the track and scaring the horse, and that he was frequently perturbed in mind because of the possibility of redskin volleys from the thickets.

Now the meditations of the motorist are rarely thus disturbed. Great old gray-trunked pines beckon to him to come and spread his kit and cook and camp and meditate. Majestic bends of broad rivers lure him to lie still on the grass and look out over the endless acres of ripples while the sun goes down and the stars come out and the night sounds make melody for meditation to march by. And with them is no whoop of Indian or howl of wolf. And if something looking like a deer does bolt across the moonlit vista, the automobile stands hitched, whereas the gig horse would bolt and burst the breeching.

Of course this argument is open to the objection, certain to be made, that autoists do not meditate by river bend and mountain pine, because they are hurrying to get to a club-house and a cocktail. True, too—too true. But most giggists did not meditate either, because they were hurrying to reach a tavern and a toddy.

Jeffersonian meditation is not a vehicular matter. It is mental.

The seventeen seventies had their dangers and their distractions. The nineteen twenties have their silences and their verities.

"Rubber Stamp Parole"

THE recent rush of criminal lawyers to the courts of New York clamoring for speedy jail sentences for their clients had a humorous aspect that might well have appealed to Gilbert and Sullivan as a theme for comic opera. It was, in fact, a proof that the New York Legislature was on the right track in revising the prison law and the criminal code with the purpose of making the way of the bandit, the murderer, and the yeggman less easy. Not long ago, in an editorial under the title "Time to Act!" we said that discussion as to causes of crime waves had pointed out a course for legislators to adopt. If other States follow the example set by New York, there is sound reason to expect an improvement in the American penal record.

Among the changes in the New York system are provisions doing away with indeterminate life sentences (hitherto permitted except in murder cases), reducing the proportion of the minimum term to the nominal full sentence, giving judges power to refuse bail in felony cases, requiring prompt action in forfeiting bail bonds, guarding against the using of stolen property as bail (it seems incredible, but this often happens, while the criminal, out on bail, may be engaged in new felonies to get money to pay his lawyers), limiting the time of appeal, extending the scope of identification by finger prints, and raising the penalty for receiving stolen goods.

All these changes certainly do put teeth into the law. But there is a growing belief in favor of an entire reconsideration of the system of parole and indeterminate sentences. Under the title "Rubber Stamp Parole" Mr. Boyden Sparks, in the current "Scribner's," makes it clear that what was intended as an incentive to character building of prisoners has through red tape and indiscriminate use come to be regarded as a matter of course and a vested right. A convict who has brains enough to obey the rules gets his release at the end of his minimum sentence, no matter whether or not he is to be trusted or is likely to be a good citizen. From a half

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to a third of the sentence is thrown off; in some States the parole privilege is even greater. The parole boards are made up of excellent citizens, not as a rule students of penology or with experience in criminology; they give only a small part of their time to the work and cannot possibly judge closely as to each case. Says Mr. Sparks:

> In theory parole was offered as an incentive to reform character. In practice this tremendous boon is offered as a reward for obeying prison rules, or to clear out a crowded prison to make room for more prisoners.
>
> It was explained in Washington last July that, owing to crowded conditions in the Federal penitentiaries in Atlanta, Leavenworth, and McNeill's Island, Department of Justice officials were working on paroles, probably far into the night, for the purpose of making room for new prisoners.

How politics and influence enter into the parole system is indicated by the statement of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association: "All who are in prison, from the most dangerous criminals to the most inoffensive drunks, have friends who seek their release."

In the main it was not sentimentalism, but the right feeling that punishment should be inflicted both for the protection of the public and where possible the rebuilding of the offender rather than for the infliction of pain or retaliation, that led to changes in the old ideas of penology. It may be that the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of consideration for the criminal's wishes and comfort. The eagerness of New York's convicted criminals to get into Sing Sing while the getting out was good is evidence to that effect.

Among the requisites for a just system of dealing with crime are two laid down in an editorial in The Outlook ten years ago:

> The punishment should be fitted, not to the crime, but to the criminal.
>
> The community should not hate the criminal, but should wish him well, and its treatment of the criminal should be an expression, not of a spirit of vindictive justice, but of a spirit of curative mercy.

Ten years earlier an eminent penologist, discussing the indeterminate sentence in The Outlook, pointed out that eligibility for parole too often depended, not upon what the prisoner had done, but what he had not done, and that this kind of parole was bound to bring undeserved disrepute on the indeterminate sentence. His prediction has been fulfilled. The remedy is not to abandon the indeterminate sentence, but to make it serve the ends not of favoritism and convenience but of justice and the cure of crime.

Sir Walter Scott

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT may be a sign of advancing age, but, whatever the cause, I find that I get more and more bored by the everlasting discussions in our smart literary reviews about the genius of Sinclair Lewis, James Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Joseph Hergesheimer, *et al.* No doubt they are gifted and interesting. But whether they will fill as much space in literary criticism and comment a hundred years from now as they do to-day is a question that it is useless to debate. The Muses are goddesses who render their final judgments only long after their disciples are dead, and no amount of argument can affect their decisions. About all that a contemporary novelist can do is to gather the rosebuds of popularity and praise while he may. He must leave the full flower, if there ever is a flower, to be plucked and cherished or to be cast on the dungheap by posterity.

It is a comfort, however, to be assured that the judgments of posterity are neither as transient nor as variable as those of contemporary criticism. There are, after all, fixed standards of excellence in this whirligig world which never seemed quite so spinning, dizzy, and topsyturvy as it does to-day. It is pleasant, therefore, to find in a recent issue of the "Literary Supplement of the London Times"—the most satisfying of current periodicals of criticism in the English language—a long article on Sir Walter Scott. It is, I know, as unfashionable to-day to read Scott's novels as it is to read the King James Bible. They are both spurned by some of our young modernists as being hopelessly mid-Victorian. There is nothing anachronistic in this. Even the youngest of us knows that Walter Scott died five years before Victoria ascended the throne and that the King James Bible was first published two hundred years before her birth. But the adjective mid-Victorian has nothing to do with dates or chronology; it relates to qualities or characteristics. I know a young lady who, if I should read to her some passages from Plutarch, Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus without naming the authors, would pronounce them hopelessly mid-Victorian; while, on the other hand, Omar Khayyám or Boccaccio or Rabelais would be regarded by her as delightfully post-Victorian.

But to return to Walter Scott. The article in the London "Times" turned my eye to the shelf in my bookcase which, without premeditation, was made just long enough to hold the forty-eight volumes of Scott's novels published in Edinburgh by Robert Cadell in 1830–3. It would be trite to say that they are of uneven merit. They contain digressions, notes, and antiquarian allusions which even the most Scotian of readers is tempted to skip. But I do not see why the young person who enjoys the artistic but swashbuckling romances of Sabatini may not enjoy "Quentin Durward" or "The Talisman."

Aside from his authorship of some of the enduring poems and tales of English literature Sir Walter Scott is one of the remarkable figures in the history of human genius. Nobody in these days has the time or patience to read the ten volumes of his biography by his son-in-law Lockhart, although this work has sometimes been called an achievement in biographical literature comparable to Boswell's Johnson. But there is in the "English Men of Letters" series a brief life by R. H. Hutton, one-time editor of the London "Spectator," which can be easily read and is easily worth reading. Scott was educated as a lawyer and when less than thirty years old held the highly honorable and important office of sheriff of his county. He was by instinct, however, not a lawyer, but a man of letters, although Hutton says that "he became a very respectable and might unquestionably have become a very great lawyer." He practiced for fourteen years, but with only moderate financial returns. Having married a lady with some means, he gradually abandoned the law for literature. "Literature," says Hutton, "was a far greater gainer by his choice than Law could have been a loser. For his capacity for the Law he shared with thousands of able men, his capacity for literature with few or none."

Although trained in the law, Scott was

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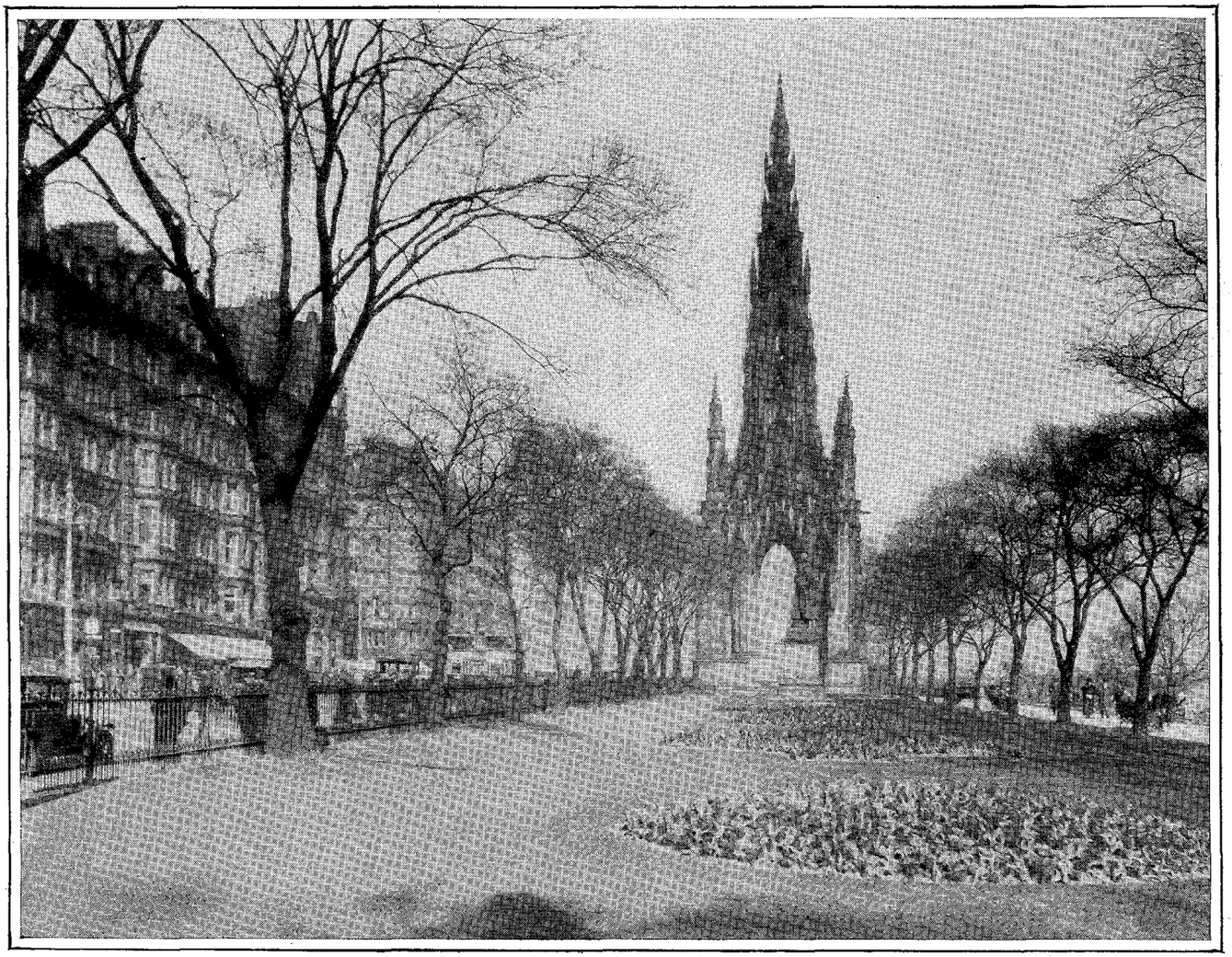

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On Princes' Street in Edinburgh, one of the most beautiful streets in the world, as well as one of the most famous, stands this monument to Sir Walter Scott. Will Main Street, that other famous highway, ever erect such a monument to Sinclair Lewis ?

apparently not a good man of business in the exact financial sense of the word. Like Mark Twain, he invested his large earnings in a publishing house, and when that house failed he had, or assumed, obligations to the creditors for over half a million of dollars seven years before his death. He resolved to pay off these obligations by the work of his pen. "I care not," he said, "if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vixisse*"—I am satisfied to have lived. He accomplished his purpose. He left not only an unstained but a shining name. During the seven years that remained of his life he paid off half of his obligations and fifteen years after his death the value of his copyrights paid off the remainder. There may be something mid-Victorian in Hutton's comment on Scott's heroic achievement, but it is a real tribute all the same:

> That there was nothing very elevated in Scott's personal, or moral, or political, or literary ends,—that he never for a moment thought of himself as one who was bound to leave the earth better than he found it,—that he never seems to have so much as contemplated a social or political reform for which he ought to contend,—that he lived to some extent like a child blowing soap-bubbles, the brightest and most gorgeous of which—the Abbotsford bubble—vanished before his eyes, is not a take-off from the charm of his career, but adds to the very speciality of its fascination. For it was his entire unconsciousness of moral or spiritual efforts, the simple straightforward way in which he labored for ends of the most ordinary kind, which made it clear how much greater the man was than his ends, how great was the mind and character which prosperity failed to display, but which became visible at once so soon as the storm came down and the night fell. Few men who battle avowedly for the right battle for it with the calm fortitude, the cheerful equanimity, with which Scott battled to fulfill his engagements and to save his family from ruin.

Virtue is probably not a quality of art, but it certainly is a quality to be taken into consideration in estimating the artist. Not the least contribution that Walter Scott made to literature and history was his unconscious demonstration that the world has always admired, and is always likely to admire, the virtues of simplicity, straightforwardness, fortitude, honor, and love of family.

Scott was a perfectly natural creature, by no means a prig. In spite of a permanent lameness resulting from a childish illness, he taught himself to clamber with agility and to ride a pony, and he was a lover of dogs and horses all his life. His boy hood days were "days of rapid motion, of walks of thirty miles a day which the lame lad yet found no fatigue to him; of mad enterprises, scrapes and drinking-bouts." His education, aside from his law lectures, was largely the product of wide reading. He was a good Latin scholar, but disliked Greek and in later life regretted his lack of it. He learned Italian to read Ariosto and Spanish to read Cervantes. I often wonder what were the methods of teaching in those days of Scottish and English

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culture that gave lively and even scapegrace boys an early love of literature. Scott's son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, matriculated at the University of Glasgow when he was twelve years old and won a Greek scholarship at Baliol College, Oxford, at fifteen. Nevertheless, he was gay, witty, and a favorite. One of his Oxford friends has recorded the fact that "he was an incessant caricaturist; his papers, his books, and the walls of his rooms were crowded with portraitures of his friends and himself—so like as to be unmistakable, with an exaggeration of any peculiarity so droll and so provoking as to make the picture anything but flattering to the self-love of its subject."

This is not the place nor have I the ambition to attempt a critical interpretation of Scott's literary genius and art. What interests me at the moment is his unusual and captivating personality. He was, says Hutton—

> the first literary man of a great riding, sporting, and fighting clan. Indeed, his father—a Writer to the Signet, or Edinburgh solicitor—was the first of his race to adopt a town life and a sedentary profession. Sir Walter was the lineal descendant—six generations removed—of that Walter Scott commemorated in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," who is known in Border history as Auld Wat of Harden. Auld Wat's son William, captured by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, during a raid of the Scotts on Sir Gideon's lands, was, as tradition says, given his choice between being hanged on Sir Gideon's private gallows, and marrying the ugliest of Sir Gideon's three ugly daughters, Meikle-mouthed Meg, reputed as carrying off the prize of ugliness among the women of four counties. Sir William was a handsome man. He took three days to consider the alternative proposed to him, but chose life with the large-mouthed lady in the end; and found her, according to the tradition which the poet, her descendant, has transmitted, an excellent wife, with a fine talent for pickling the beef which her husband stole from the herds of his foes.

It is not surprising that with this strain in his blood Sir Walter Scott was devoted to Border minstrelsy and romances of adventure. "I am sensible," he once said, "that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." To this self-critique Hutton adds: "He might have included old people too. I have heard of two old men—complete strangers—passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself . . . the last lines of the account of Flodden Field in "Marmion," "Charge, Chester, charge," when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on," whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing."

This story I can match. A few years ago I made a pilgrimage to some of the famous golf courses of Scotland with a party of New York friends. When we reached "North Berwick's town, and lofty Law," and the site of Douglas's "towers, Tantallon vast," we found that one of the party, a New York manufacturer, could repeat whole passages from the fifth and sixth cantos of "Marmion." It became a rite, when he won a difficult hole from a doughty opponent, to have him declaim:

> The hand of Douglas is his own;
> And never shall in friendly grasp
> The hand of such as Marmion clasp.
> . . . . . .
> —And darest thou then
> To beard the lion in his den,
> The Douglas in his hall?
> And hopest thou then unscathed to go?—
> No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
> Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, Warder, ho!
> Let the portcullis fall.

In a letter to a friend Scott once spoke of himself as "a rattle-skulled, half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old." In spite of this love of sport, horsemanship, and adventure, he was amazingly industrious and methodical in his work. One has only to look at the voluminous mass of his writings in poetry, criticism, biography, and fiction, all of which was accomplished within the span of thirty years, to appreciate his intellectual energy and fecundity. But with it all he had no affectations. Neither the honors nor the tragedies of his life turned his head. He gratefully accepted a baronetcy from George IV, but declined the poet-laureateship because he wished to preserve his intellectual independence, although he was certainly as well fitted for this post as was Southey, who accepted it after Scott declined it. Scott humorously compared this questionable honor "to the herring for which the poor Scotch clergyman gave thanks in a grace wherein he described it as 'even this, the very least of Providence's mercies.' "

It really sometimes seems as if the mid-Victorians were almost as natural and clever as we are!

Enter Mr. J. Smith, of Boston

By EDITH LUDWIG

AFTER the "reconstruction" of Austria, which left her dying or on the highroad to buoyant national convalescence, according to the point of view, it became evident that the case of Hungary must be considered.

Delegations from the League of Nations were sent in response to cries as of a man drowning in the Danube. The delegations found a parlous state.

Clipped of two-thirds of her territory and as much of her population, and cut off from the sea, Hungary had become merely a farm on a larger scale. Agriculture, the one source of wealth left, was crippled by a lack of farming implements, vehicles, and stock, and was prevented from sending its fruits to market because of stringent export restrictions, thus impoverishing the great mass of peasants and landowners, great and small. Financial operations were hindered by the Devizenzentrale, the illicit trade in valuta, the outrageous rate of interest on "Kostgeld," reaching 14 per cent per week; by a steadily increasing taxation system, including high tariffs on imports; by the feverish activities of speculators, who included all sorts of people from the nine hundred members of the Stock Exchange (all but ten of them were Jews) to little girls in high school—while the children played at "Böse," buying and selling dead leaves for shares—since no one could earn enough to live upon, and the income in

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inflated crowns at 110,000 to the dollar necessary for mere existence was so huge that only a few lucky ones possessed it.

Gloom prevailed over the once gay land of the Magyars. Poverty pinched everywhere, and poverty in the war-torn countries of Europe has a sharper pinch than in America. Suicides numbered from ten to twenty-five daily, a large percentage being of the professional class. Political unrest seemed to preclude calm solution of the problem of salvation.

A small but vociferous Socialistic group in Parliament—twenty-four members—noisily sought to hinder every movement of the Government. Mysterious bomb outrages, always attributed to the Awakening Hungarians (so-called Fascisti), but whose powder smelled of nothing Hungarian, always occurred with curious opportuneness to give Hungary a bad name among the nations just at those moments when she most needed sympathy and help from the world. The splendid morale of the race was breaking and an orgy of spending ensued. In spite of the high prices, every one hastened to change crumbling crowns for something real—food, clothes, jewels, houses. And always the reparations drained the anæmic life-blood left to this thousand-year-old nation.

SUCH a report the Delegates took back to Geneva. The truth of the assertion that "if the Austro-Hungarian monarchy did not already exist, it would have to be invented," was dawning upon them in Geneva and a realization of the interdependence of the "succession" states caused hurried conferences of their leading statesmen with representatives of Hungary; which representatives were invited to sit as Members of the Council of the League to discuss Hungary's fate.

Internal and external politics were somewhat regulated. Reparation liens were raised. Countries holding Relief Bonds waived priority of charge, which, thus released, became available as securities for the projected twenty-year loan of $50,000,000 permitted by the League.

The establishment of a Bank of Issue was ordered and a budgetary reform worked out. The Government provided *pleins pouvoirs* to put this program into effect.

Lastly, the Council appointed Mr. J. Smith, of Boston U. S. A. as Commissioner-General.

MR. J. SMITH, of Boston, arrived, modest and quite unknown to the man in the street. But the knowledge that the dread foreign Controller, whose advent had aroused bitter opposition among many of the population, was an American acted at once with reassuring effect.

America is regarded in Hungary as the Big Brother of the World and this land of the somewhat free as the true land of milk and honey. An American Controller meant to the Hungarians that

Keystone

Jeremiah Smith

such meddling as must be done in the intimate affairs of the proudest nation on earth would be done with tact combined with frankness; that no self-seeking would bias him; that only disinterestedness and altruism would animate him.

To be an American is to have a direct passport to the hearts of the Hungarians in spite of their bitter disappointment at the interpretation by the Treaty of the Trianon of Wilson's comforting pronunciamento that "Hungary should be assured that she would receive her just dues"—a Delphic utterance which that rubber-souled optimist, the Magyar, elucidated to his own liking. Subsequent events proved this to have been a very faulty translation indeed.

SO Hungary opened her arms to Jeremiah Smith, offering him royal palaces, beautiful villas, sumptuous hotel suites, to house him. With the true New England policy of "keeping himself *to* himself," Mr. Smith established himself in two rooms at the Hotel Hungaria and buckled down to a mighty task.

The first step was establishing a Bank of Issue. Although the time of preparation was short and the printers elected to strike at that crucial moment, the subscriptions were quite satisfactory, were paid in gold and deposited in five solvent countries. The Bank of Issue had the sole right to issue bank notes, thus checking inflation. The crown was stabilized, the first essential step in the work.

Gross receipts of the customs, tobacco monopoly, sugar, and net receipts of the salt monopoly (securities for the loan) were paid into a special account under Jeremiah Smith's control, and he proceeded to the wise apportionment of these funds.

Free exportation of most of the products of the soil was permitted, a new tariff legalized, and restrictions on imports were removed, thus stimulating trade with the outside world. Up to date, however, the sum of imports has exceeded the exports, as Hungary must bring in all her manufactured articles, textiles, and wood and coal. This, of course, is unhealthy, and is a result of the "recommendation" that Hungary confine herself strictly to agricultural development, dropping all the plans of establishing factories, cultivation of the silkworm, weaving of silk, of carpets, etc.; that is to say, not utilizing the most valuable asset of the country—its healthy, energetic, industrious genius-fired manhood. To restrict the activities of so small a country as Hungary to farming dooms the land to everlasting poverty.

The precious fifty millions were spread out thin as gold-beaters' skin so as to benefit every enterprise in Hungary, from a vast system of canalization to the purchase of new pillow-cases for the babies' hospitals, all of which were shattered and tattered during the terrible years since 1914.

Each year, too, at least two desperately needed millions must be applied to reparations—the price Hungary pays for *not* regarding a treaty as a "scrap of paper."

NOW the task of Jeremiah Smith is done. The Budget is balanced, the pengö is entitled to respect among currency, the landowners are prosperous. Usury is no longer legal, unemployment among the Socialist trades unions is lessened, and every one is happy except the middle class—that silent hero, the unknown taxpayer, to quote Count Apponyi, the Grand Old Man of Hungary, who declared that a monument should be raised to that hero, as monuments are raised to the Unknown Soldier in the war-torn lands.

The middle class still goes hungry,

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still shares one pair of shoes among three members of a family, and must clip and curb to live within its budget; and when the strain piled onto the years of attrition since 1914 becomes too strong still kills itself—as many as twenty-seven within twenty-four hours.

Jeremiah Smith's control has ceased. Remains, however, the military control, reparation control, Bondholders' Committee with flexible and manifold powers; so it seems that Hungary is even yet not free after her centuries of struggle. Helped over this black crisis, however, by the wise and just administration of the scheme of the League, Hungary, if permitted to work out her own salvation, may even yet carry on her thousand years of prosperous life.

To hold the fiery untamed Magyar in leading strings for three years with no catastrophe implies a gentle hand, a fine tact, a rigid justice.

In the final splendid gesture of altruism, handing back the great sum of his $100,000 salary to the unfortunates of the land he went to succor, Jeremiah Smith, already secure in the love of the Magyars, enshrines himself forever among their noble heroes.

What Congress Did and Left Undone

BOTH the achievements, which are praiseworthy, and the shortcomings, which are serious, of the first session of the Sixty-ninth Congress are due mainly to the fact that there was never at any time throughout the entire session anything that could be properly called a majority in either House or Senate. There was a majority, of course, either for or against any particular question when that question came to a vote, but there was never any consistent party majority. Perhaps, to be entirely accurate, it should be said that never, except once, was there such a majority. The Republican organization did put through the foreign debt settlements against the organized opposition of the Democrats. All other measures of first-class importance were carried by temporary coalitions of organization Republicans and organization Democrats against the opposition of recalcitrants of both parties.

This was perhaps most notably true of the Tax Reduction Bill, but it was quite noticeably true of adherence to the World Court, the Public Buildings Bill, the bill creating a Division of Co-operative Marketing in the Department of Agriculture, and the bill creating a Board of Mediation to settle railroad labor disputes. And these constitute, in the main, the record of achievement for the session.

WHEN, at the beginning of the session, Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, was elected Speaker of the House, there was talk of a return of the perfect working machinery of Cannon's time. But there was never an effective machine of any kind. Mr. Longworth has been the presiding officer of the House, a good presiding officer, but hardly more than that.

Whatever there was of the engineering of machines was done in the main by John Q. Tilson and Finis J. Garrett, floor leaders, respectively, of the Republican and Democratic sides. These two native Tennesseans, the one born and brought up in the Republican stronghold on top of the East Tennessee mountains, the other in the solidly Democratic plain lands of West Tennessee, managed each to control on important questions a majority of the strict party men—and usually voted them on the same side of important questions. The Tilson-Garrett coalition not only enacted what legislation was enacted—except the debt settlements—but defeated most of what was disposed of in that way. A similar situation, though not so clear cut, existed in the Senate.

A GREAT deal was left over, not disposed of in any way, to be taken up again by the same Congress when it convenes for its short and final session next December. In that list are a number of recommendations made by President Coolidge in his Message to Congress at the beginning of the session—recasting of the shipping laws, reorganization of the Government departments, legislation for regulation of the coal industry, railroad consolidations, and the Lausanne Treaty.

A great deal more, not specifically recommended by the President, was left over, a part of it by agreement some time in advance of adjournment, a part by confusion in the disorder and ill temper of the final day.

Of that portion which was left over by agreement, only one group of bills was of great immediate urgency. These are the bills, mostly drafted under the direction of General Andrews, providing for more effective means of prohibition enforcement. Not one of these was passed. With their failure came the practical confirmation of the rumor that General Lincoln C. Andrews will resign as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, to be effective early in the fall. The rumors agree that General Andrews is chagrined because the enforcement bills were not made a part of the Administration program. In the light of what happened to other Administration measures, it appears far from certain that these bills would have fared any better if they had been made a part of the program.

The only other measure of very large importance left over by agreement was the Rivers and Harbors Bill. This bill contains several questionable items, and it is undoubtedly for the best that action upon it was postponed until the next session.

Of the bills which failed of any decisive action because of the confusion and ill temper of the last day, the Radio Control Bill was, if not the most important, at least the most urgent. Secretary of Commerce Hoover has said that, without specific legislation, radio operation and the radio industry will be in utter confusion. Leaders in both houses, when they realized that that bill could not be passed, agreed to an emergency resolution designed to serve until the next session. This resolution was adopted by both Senate and House, but in the confused crush was not presented to the President for signature, and therefore is not effective.

THERE are those who believe that the miscarriage of plans on the last day of the session was due to a filibuster against Senator Neely's resolution, growing out of the Pennsylvania primary scandal, to limit the expense of candidates before primaries to $25,000 and to deny a seat to any successful candidate who has spent more than that. There is no real evidence, however, that the deadly talking was part of a filibuster. Various Senators who always must be heard for their much speaking had their say. But most of the talking which prevented action was done by Senator Cameron, of Arizona, who was apparently provoked because his pet measure involving some irrigation titles was sidetracked, mainly through the activity of his colleague, Senator Ashurst. Senator Cameron talked until the final g[redacted]

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fell, refusing to yield even for thirty seconds, which, Senator King assured him, was all that would be necessary to dispose of an important matter.

Among the important bills that, for one reason or another, were left over are the McFadden Branch Banking Bill, the bill creating new Federal judgeships, bills to create a Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the Department of Commerce, to expand the Bureau of Education to the proportions of a department, to execute a lease of Muscle Shoals, to return certain alien property, to adjudicate claims of Americans against Germany, to return certain evidences of railroad indebtedness, to adjust the Northern Pacific land grants, to establish sanctuaries for migratory birds, to prevent the sale of grain and cotton in future markets, to establish "truth in fabrics," to establish foreign trade zones in ports of entry of the United States, and to bar firearms from the mails.

Not much more constructive legislation was enacted at the end of June than at the end of April. The bills that were put through during the last days could have been put through in a day or two at any time. The House, unusually efficient during the earlier days of the session, spent the last two months in imitating the debating-society tactics of the Senate. The House might better have adjourned two months earlier, leaving the Senate to talk itself to sleep.

Abraham Lincoln and the Eucharistic Congress

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," etc.

IT is not possible to hold in America any important National gathering at which speeches are made without citing Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps there is no more significant tribute to his greatness than the feeling of men called to address meetings—political, economic, commercial, or religious—that they will add strength to their opinions expressed if they are able to quote Lincoln on their side. One whose interest in Lincoln causes him to read the newspapers with that name in mind finds it essential to carry scissors in his pocket, for the newspapers are keenly alive to the value in their reports of utterances attributed to Lincoln. Now the chances are not any more than even that the statement which one finds credited to Lincoln in almost any newspaper has been verified by the speaker before using it, or that the words quoted, unless from the Gettysburg Address, or Lincoln's reference to labor in one of his New England speeches or his first Message to Congress, can be found in his authentic writings. The Eucharistic Congress is no exception. There are now in circulation two statements of such character that some comment upon them may be worth while.

First I quote from a circular at present in wide circulation in which Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War is alleged to have said:

> Unfortunately, I feel more and more, every day, that it is not against the Americans of the South alone I am fighting. It is more against the Pope of Rome, his perfidious Jesuits and their blind, bloodthirsty slaves . . . that we have to defend ourselves. . . . It is to Popery that we owe this terrible Civil War.

This cannot be found in any of Lincoln's accredited utterances. Lincoln knew that he had thousands of Roman Catholics fighting in the Union armies, as many probably as were in the armies of the South, and he was too prudent a man to have said this if he had believed it. And I do not think he believed it.

DID Lincoln in any public address ever speak in disrespect of the Roman Catholic Church?

Once, possibly. In 1856 Abraham Lincoln was associated with two local lawyers as senior counsel in a famous trial, that of Father Chiniquy, a former Roman Catholic priest. This trial occurred at Champaign, Illinois, and Chiniquy was acquitted of the charges preferred against him. The case which Lincoln was able to present in Chiniquy's favor was so strong that the prosecution broke down and the accusation was withdrawn. Apparently Lincoln believed thoroughly in the justice of his cause, and of the bad motives of those engaged in the prosecution. Although the local attorneys sent the ex-priest a bill for $1,000, and this was the period when Lincoln was receiving rather large fees, he declined any compensation except his expenses, and Chiniquy printed a facsimile of his note to Lincoln for $50. I think there is good reason to believe that in this trial Lincoln spoke with some severity of the ecclesiastical machinery that could be made available for the crushing of a man who had incurred the ill will of priests. But his words were not recorded at the time, and those who remembered them afterward probably colored them greatly. Father Chiniquy's account of this affair is within reach of any one who wishes to read it, and I think it is essentially truthful, though I do not accept any such account, made from memory years afterward, as reliable in its detail. I am not aware that Lincoln in any other connection used language that could be thought injurious to the Roman Catholic Church, and we do not know just what he said.

Father Chiniquy continued on friendly terms with Lincoln and visited him in the White House, but what he told of conversations there sounds much more like Chiniquy than Lincoln. It is not safe to put Abraham Lincoln on record except in words that he is known to have written or uttered. And to say this is not to impugn Father Chiniquy, who, I think, intended to be truthful.

THE other utterance is more important and comes on high authority. Speaking in Chicago on June 21, 1926, Cardinal Mundelein, as reported in the daily press, said:

> Again and again you will hear that Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest President, was unfriendly to the Catholic Church. This is not true.
>
> One of his close personal friends was a great French priest, Father St. Cyr, who first brought back to France such glowing accounts of Chicago. When Father St. Cyr came to say mass for Lincoln's stepmother, Mr. Lincoln would prepare the altar himself.
>
> Indeed, with his own hands Abraham Lincoln carved out six wooden chairs to be used at the mass. And if only I could find those chairs, I'd pay for them with their weight in gold.

I think it possible that I could find the chairs to which the Cardinal alludes,

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and I suppose it entirely possible that I have sat in one or more of them, but I fear the offer of their weight in gold will not hold after I tell the truth about them. And I know the truth.

FIRST of all, Father St. Cyr never celebrated mass in the home of Lincoln's stepmother, and he never prepared the altar for any such celebration in her home during the ministry of Father St. Cyr. But Cardinal Mundelein did not intend to lie, any more than Father Chiniquy did. And his story is not without some elements of truth, as we shall presently discover.

Sarah Bush Lincoln was by inheritance a Primitive Baptist. Her family belonged to the Severns Valley Baptist Church at Elizabethown, Kentucky, and the dates of their admission are of record. She did not join there, but when the Little Pigeon Baptist Church was organized in Spencer County, Indiana, and Thomas Lincoln joined by letter she was immersed, and joined "by experience" June 7, 1823. She and Thomas took out letters when they left Indiana, the letters bearing date of January 10, 1830, but there was no Baptist church to which they could conveniently present them, and the preacher who ministered to that neighborhood was of the Disciples communion. In fellowship with that church both Thomas Lincoln and his wife died, and Thomas Lincoln's funeral sermon was heard, not alone by those present, but by neighbors within the range of half a mile.

Abraham Lincoln had left his father's home before Father St. Cyr was ordained or ever had celebrated a mass.

WHO was Father St. Cyr, on whose testimony Cardinal Mundelein makes this statement? He was the first resident Roman Catholic priest in Chicago. John Mary Irenæus St. Cyr was born in Lyons, France, November 2, 1803, was ordained in that country April 6, 1833, began his service in Chicago in October of that year, and in 1837 removed to St. Louis. It was while he was in this latter city that he made journeys up and down the Mississippi, and, coming to the head of the rapids opposite Keokuk, found a settlement that was largely Roman Catholic, and from time to time celebrated mass there. And perhaps the most devout of the Catholics was the woman whom he remembered years afterward as the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln, and she had a son, resident with her, just about the age of Abraham Lincoln, who is unquestionably the young man whom Father St. Cyr afterward remembered as having been Abraham.

Now who was this Mrs. Lincoln, and who was her son?

She was Mary, daughter of Luke Mudd. Luke Mudd had removed to Kentucky, and his daughter Mary was married by Priest William De Rohan to Mordecai Lincoln, eldest brother of Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas. She infused a strong strain of Roman Catholic blood into that branch of the Lincoln family, and this was strengthened when one of her nephews, Ben Mudd, married one of her daughters, thus doubling the Mudd influence in the family. Mordecai Lincoln rode from Kentucky to Illinois in the fall of 1830, and lost his life in the "deep snow," partly on account of the snow and partly on account of what he drank to protect himself from the storm. He died in December, 1830, and is buried in an unmarked grave in Hancock County, Illinois. His sons Abraham and James were already living there, and also his daughter Elizabeth, who married Benjamin Mudd, and in due time came Mary Mudd Lincoln herself to live among her children. There, too, came her younger daughter, Mary Rowena, who married George Nicely, and the youngest of all, Martha, who married Washington Neighbors.

WHAT is more to the purpose of this story, there came, toward the end of 1836, Mordecai, third son of Mordecai and Mary Mudd Lincoln. He is the man whom Father St. Cyr remembered as having been Abraham. We might have expected him to confuse the two Abrahams, as some other people have done; for there are records of "Abraham Lincoln, Justice of the Peace," which have proved a stumbling-block to some investigators. The two Abrahams were contemporaries and first cousins, and Mordecai the younger was also a first cousin of Abraham, later the President.

I am writing without the qualifying phrases habitual to the careful historian, because I have the documents, and no one else has them. The community where Father St. Cyr visited the Lincolns is familiar ground to me, and a long, long way from where Abraham Lincoln's stepmother lived and died.

These Lincolns were all more or less mechanical, and they did very good work. They could mortise and dovetail and do like tasks. But the younger Mordecai excelled the others. He had been a shoemaker and tailor in Kentucky, and I have his account-books there from 1831 till his leaving in the fall of 1836. The story of his leaving would make a romance, and I shall some time tell that story. He had deft fingers, and in Kentucky was a constant player on the fiddle, but he left his violin in that State and never owned one afterward. He would visit the neighbors who had violins, and play their instruments till the tears streamed down his face, and then lay down the fiddle and flee to the woods. He had a turning lathe, and made spools and spinning-wheels, as well as chests of drawers and coffins. I have also his account-books in Illinois.

IN the summer when Father St. Cyr began his ministrations at the head of the rapids Mordecai did a large job for Peter and William McDonough, who had in charge the local church property. Here is what he charged them:

1838
August 15

to making 2 presses	$12.00
to making 2 mantels	7.00
to 1 lb. nales	.12½
to 1 set of Chairs	4.00

The priest's room at the little church had presses for the vestments and well-wrought mantels over its two fireplaces!

But apparently after the first visit of Father St. Cyr it was determined to go farther in the way of making him comfortable. For in the very next month is this charge:

Sept. 12

to one bedstid for St Cyre	$5.00

The yellow page before me actually names the priest for whom Mordecai was doing the work! It was no other than Father St. Cyr, the very man about whom the Cardinal is attempting to tell us.

I HAVE quantities of manuscript written by Mordecai. His mind was much like that of his cousin Abraham, save that Abraham learned and none too soon to restrain his almost fatal gift for biting sarcasm, and Mordecai never did. The two men had the same keen and smarting wit, which Abraham sublimated into a genial good humor. Their handwriting was much alike; you could take Mordecai's signature and think the "Lincoln" to have been written by Abraham. And Mordecai, while baptized into the Catholic Church, and ultimately buried beside his mother in a little Catholic cemetery in which every stone has now been pushed over by the cows that graze there, was a hater of the priests. His mother died about 1859, and he died June 15, 1867. He never married; he had that strange liking for women and shrinking from matrimony which made Abraham so unsatisfactory a lover; that, too, is another story. I have page after page of his composition denouncing the

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priests, often by name, but I do not find Father St. Cyr among those whom he thus vilified as liars, fornicators, and thieves. A sister of his had been in a convent for a year, and she had unhappy experiences there. He was very bitter in his writing, and some things he said are not to be printed. But in one of his essays he declares that he is still a good Catholic, and he was so proclaimed when he died.

I have no doubt that his mother, Mary Mudd Lincoln, habitually prepared the altar for the visits of Father St. Cyr, and it is not at all improbable that Mordecai assisted her. And so may his brother Abraham have done. It is not strange that Father St. Cyr remembered this many years later and thought it was the future President who had made the furniture for his room. But Abraham Lincoln the future President at that time was resident in Springfield and having a hard time paying his board and deciding whether to propose to Mary Owens or not. The Lincolns were given to hesitation in matters where women were concerned, and Mordecai hesitated all his life. For that matter, I have some love-letters which he wrote and never sent. But I am sure that a bed which he billed at the large price of five dollars was a good bed, and I hope Father St. Cyr rested well on it.

Now, after this truthful recital, if Cardinal Mundelein really wants those chairs, and will pay their weight in gold for them, I think it possible I can procure them for him. Mordecai was a good carpenter in his day, and some of his chairs are still extant.

Foxboro, Massachusetts.

Man's Insidious Foes in the Tropics

Progress in the Fight on Disease Made by the Seventh Hamilton Rice Expedition to the Amazon and by the United Fruit Company

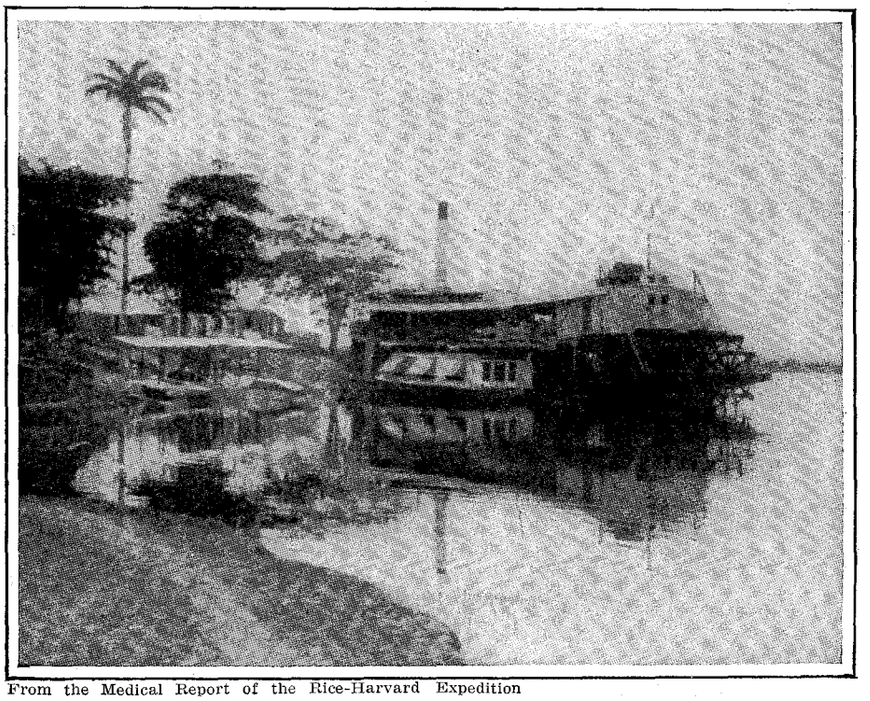
By DON C. SEITZ

PRIVATELY, I have always held to the theory that lack of progress in the tropics is due to the superior energy of the flea measured against the inclinations of man toward industry. With the flea possessing the most horse-power, man incontinently surrenders and becomes too indolent to scratch himself, to say nothing of the soil.

The Rockefeller Foundation has done much to hunt the hookworm in its lair, besides effacing malaria and yellow-fever breeding mosquitoes, but it has been left for Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Rice, in conjunction with the Department of Tropical Medicine of Harvard University, to send seven expeditions into the Amazon country of Brazil to discover and deal with diseases that sap the vitality of the natives and imperil the lives of such foreigners as may tempt fortune in the Brazils.

The Harvard University Press has just issued a report concerning the operations of the seventh expedition, covering the period of 1924–5, in a commodious quarto, liberally illustrated, and telling much that is new. The region covered is one abounding in great heat and moisture, inhabited by "an extraordinarily large number of biting insects," some of which are given to the transmission of disease. Indeed, the members of the expedition found villages where the population had been almost entirely exterminated through plagues due to these carriers.

The equipment taken on a special steamer included, besides medical and scientific instruments, a company of rats, mice, and guinea-pigs—those self-sacrificing associates of the medical profession in its most difficult tasks. Monkeys were added from their native forests. The expedition found that, owing to the subsidence of the rubber industry, due to the competition of Ceylon, the population of the interior was much reduced by departures, while those who remained became reduced in number from an unequal contest with disease. Hookworm, beriberi, dysentery, typhoid, and smallpox are endemic.



From the Medical Report of the Rice-Harvard Expedition

The flotilla employed by the Rice Expedition in their investigation in the Amazon

Supplementing these and their share in adding to the miseries of mankind, come leprosy and strange diseases of the skin that follow insect bites, plus ulcerations due to degeneracy of the system. So a wide field for inquiry exists. The Amazon is more than a river; it is a region of many rivers, over which the parent stream holds mastery. For a good part of the year the forest is submerged. The retiring floods leave large areas of swamp, which feed the pestiferous insects in countless numbers. One wonders what they subsist on when no men,

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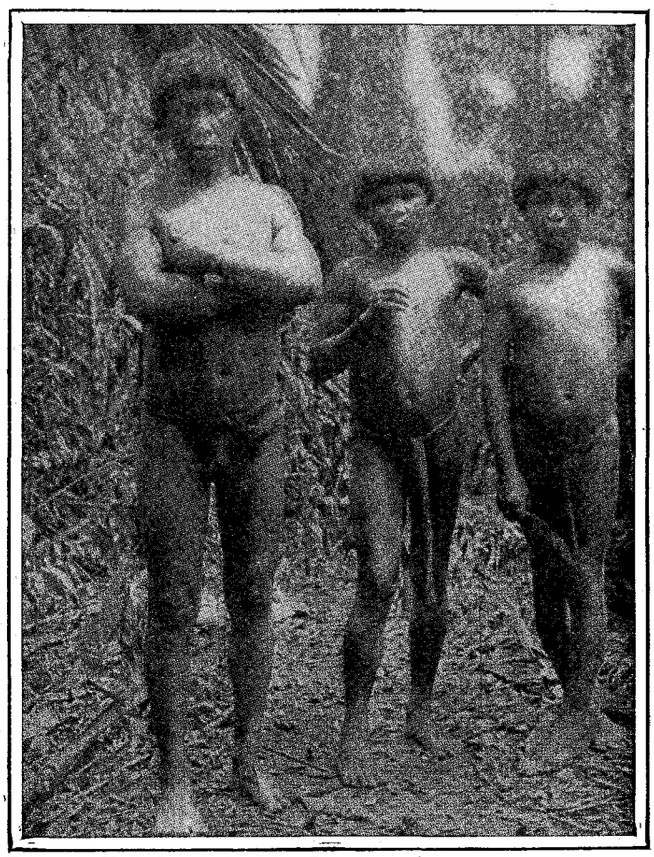

Maiongong Indians, who live along the lower part of the Parima River, in Brazil

From the Medical Report of the Rice-Harvard Expedition

women, or children are about. Most of the flowers are those of the tree-tops, the close foliage killing ground flora. The forests are dark and difficult to explore. Nature here fortifies itself well. The timber is too heavy to float to market, and so remains free from the lumberman's raids.

The expedition worked at great disadvantage, in steaming air, choked further by screens and mosquito netting, with which it was necessary to go armored. Besides, the mirror-like reflection of the water made laboratory work in the steamer most trying to the eyes. "Portions of Amazonia to-day," the report recites, "constitute some of the most unhealthy and most dangerous regions" to reside in to be found on earth. The task of making them safe and healthy is therefore no light one. It challenges courage as well as skill. There are no doctors or drug-stores outside the cities; communication is wholly by river. The seventh expedition made a close study of blood poisons, and found no lack of examples. The effects of these diseases are too horrible to be recited, and can be mentioned only as a measure for the heroism that undertakes their cure. Yellow fever has been put under control in the main ports. Inland, of course, it kills still and is an ever-present danger. The Brazilian Government has taken the lead in rendering poisoning from snake bites harmless, but has not tackled the major problems of preventing disease.

The members of the expedition were Richard P. Strong, Professor of Tropical Medicine; George C. Shattuck, his assistant; Joseph C. Bequaert, Assistant Professor of Medical Entomology; and Ralph E. Wheeler, a senior at the Harvard Medical School. Besides investigating the causes of human ills, they gathered much data concerning the parasitic infection of animals. They found only rare cases of arteriosclerosis—"accounted for by the fact that there are few people who live to fifty years of age in that region." Blood pressure ruled low. We learn from Dr. Shattuck that "the flesh of the peccary is excellent, and that of the tapir good but not interesting." They ate no anacondas.

Many patients were treated and much information gathered that will prove useful in making Brazil a fit country for men of Nordic blood to live in.

Coincident with this highly scientific report comes one from the United Fruit Company dealing with the same problems as they exist along the Spanish Main, compiled by the Medical Department, a very important body maintained entirely at the corporation's expense. It employs a large force of physicians and nurses and operates hospitals in the various districts covered by its operations, not including Jamaica.

At these institutions an average of 1,064 patients were under treatment during the year 1925. The death rate was 13.20 per 1,000, which seems to be about the usual average, though the Colombia division shows 18.04. It is plain that but for the precautions the rate would be as bad as it is still in some cities of America. The showing is really remarkable, since it is difficult to secure sanitary surroundings or to make the men exercise reasonable caution. To the death rate must be added the evils of illiteracy, ranging from 43 per cent in Cuba to 92 per cent in Guatemala. "Experience," the report observes, "tends to confirm our belief that the American tropics are not enervating nor necessarily detrimental to the health of Northern races if they will merely observe proper and reasonable measures to safeguard their health."

The death rate among white employees was 7 per 1,000. They do not remain, though, for long periods. Infection is the great enemy—contact from unclean hands, the spreading of germs by contacts and lack of sanitary precautions, much of it water-borne during the season of rains. Dust also aids in the distribution of cysts. With all due respect to the wonders of mechanical science, Dr. W. M. James believes the best safeguard is the use of antiseptic soap and water by all persons handling food, together with the careful exclusion of insects. The natives wreck screens and prefer to associate with the pests.

Besides disease, the doctors found the fer de lance, the deadly snake, best known from its habitat in Martinique as a most dangerous enemy of mankind. It is pronounced plentiful and "extremely dangerous." The snake has one merit: it is fond of rats; which, in turn, are fond of bananas; hence the active presence of the serpent. Ten employees were bitten by snakes, but none with fatal consequences. The chapter dealing with Ophidians is one full of interest, written by Dr. H. C. Clark. He says the most important thing after being bitten is to kill the snake. Most people would think it more advantageous to kill the snake first.

In this connection it is well to recall that the Serum Therapeutic Institute of Brazil has conquered the venom of the serpent with a serum that does not require refrigeration to preserve its potency and can be kept on hand for a year. Knowledge of the nature of the poison must, of course, be had to utilize the toxin successfully.

The medical information contained in both these volumes is of great value and wide scope.

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The Sweat of Mexico's Brow

Some Aspects of Our Southern Neighbor's Labor Problem

By FREDERICK SIMPICH

NEVER since Adam idled in Eden and brought the curse of toil on all mankind has any nation anywhere had more trouble, because men must work to live, than Mexico is having to-day.

Probably never in history has any nation, anywhere, gone to such experimental extremes in seeking to better the worker's lot in life. It is the working out of these laws—passed either to aid labor or to preserve the country's national resources for the use of the masses—which now puts Mexican news on so many front pages.

Most Mexicans work with their hands. Literally, to a large degree, Mexico lives by the sweat of its brow. To-day it has practically no leisure class, no idle rich, in the sense that America or England has, or as Russia had before the soviets. Also to a large extent, going concerns in Mexico—like mines, railways, oil wells, and trading houses—are owned by foreigners. Only farms and ranches are mostly in native hands.

THE big legacy of revolution was the policy to "do something for labor." The man primarily in mind to be helped was the country peon worker. His social condition was undeniably bad. It was frightful on some plantations. From all this came eventually the now famous Agrarian Law—and the protests of foreign Powers. Thus directly in defense of rural workers' rights—as the Mexican Labor Government sees them—it finds itself in disputes with foreign nations.

In the same way, based on Article 123 of the Constitution of 1917, various new labor laws and decrees have brought strikes, lockouts, syndicalism, violence, and other forms of friction between Mexican workers and their employers. Against many such actions foreign govments have also protested when the vested rights of their nationals were attacked.

Some of these new labor laws are absurd. Others, of sound benefit to workers, are obeyed as a matter of course by all employers who grasped the changed relationship revolution brought between capital and labor.

Viewed as a whole against a background of huge illiteracy, this labor movement has vastly modified the old familiar "Mexican situation" of diplomacy. In place of a "situation" involving transient political figures like Carranza and Huerta, there has developed now a Mexican sociological condition. Its aspects are moral and economic, rather than political. It is born of labor's post-revolutionary rise to self-conscious power. Now labor holds the scepter of power, but is unguided by previous governmental experience in scepter wielding. Here is a new condition, then—new, but certain to become chronic—which foreign Powers with investments in Mexico will have to study and meet, somehow, for years to come.

TO get a quick, vivid picture one must look briefly back at the story of organized labor in Mexico. It is a thing of fairly recent growth. To a singular degree it is the result of American example, suggestion, and the open efforts of organizers from the American labor groups. This American influence has not only come from American labor and Socialistic leadership, but also, unfortunately, from I. W. W. and Communistic sources.

As early as 1879 an American went to Puebla to organize the Mexican railroad workers there. In years past many Mexican labor leaders got their training as organizers while working in the United States. Also at every national convention of Mexican workers in recent years American delegates have been present. At the last annual meeting of "CROM"—the short, popular name for "Confederacion Regional de Obreras Mexicanos"—several well-known American labor leaders attended. Paul Sharenberg, a delegate from California, reported that 250,000 Mexican workers in that State were organized. "As the stars in the firmament are organized into constellations, so should Mexican workers organize," this American delegate told the convention. A few Americans wise in labor lore are permanently employed as press agents and organizers by "CROM," which now has nearly 2,000,000 members—as yet loosely bound together.

"CROM," like our A. F. of L., is affiliated with the growing Pan-American Labor Union, whose representative at Washington is Señor Santiago Iglesias, the Porto Rican labor leader. He lately investigated Mexican conditions, at the request of William Green, and reported to the A. F. of L. on the workings of various new land and labor laws in Mexico.

These side-lights show up the picture—the rise of Mexican labor to power and the beginning of its solidarity with organized labor in the great commercial nations.

TO study labor laws, movements, and policies in foreign lands, Mexico now sends accredited labor attachés to her embassies and legations at Washington, Moscow, Rome, Paris, Berlin, and Buenos Aires. She is the first nation to do so.

Certain of these labor attachés, home from abroad, attended the last convention of "CROM." Oddly enough, the Mexican labor attaché at Moscow complained to his Government that at Moscow he was subjected to espionage, indignities, and discourtesies. Against this the Mexican Government protested to the Soviet Minister at Mexico City. Another observer, back from Rome, ventured the opinion that Italian labor would be better off without Mussolini.

The whole course of moral, economic, and educational progress in Mexico is being shaped at these labor conventions. There are signs of some first-class thinking. At the last meeting numerous groups of workers asked federal aid in starting schools and libraries in their communities for workers' use. Others requested the Government to impose higher taxes on bull-fights, horse-races, *bataclan* or leg shows, and on *zarzuelas pornograficas*, and on all public exhibits "which are neither moral nor artistic," such tax receipts to be used for subsidizing opera—making it cheaper, so workers may hear it.

Funds were also asked of the Government to pay tuition and other expenses of students—to be chosen from various groups of Mexican skilled laborers—so that they may attend school abroad, there to study various technical arts. "Mexican labor simply must acquire vastly more technical knowledge," the leaders say. "This is necessary to build up the industries of Mexico, aid her to produce more manufactured goods, use up more of her raw materials now exported, and thus reduce the cost of living

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by importing fewer manufactured goods." The defensive idea in this last resolution is the basis for much of the so-called anti-foreign legislation.

UNQUESTIONABLY, a certain economic terror pervades Mexico. It is causing her, though so long an agricultural country, to seek now to establish industries of her own. She feels exploited—always trading oil and minerals for machine-made goods. Some day, she fears, her raw materials may run out.

Her thinkers know the theory of trade, by which industrial nations import needed raw materials, paying for these with exported manufactures. But also she reads in economic history that in this exchange it is always the industrial nation which gets rich. She sees America paying machine goods for Mexico's crude things, and having enough profit left to invest heavily in the natural resources of Mexico. If continued indefinitely, the Mexican economists complain, this in the end may leave Mexico more than ever a nation eating in the sweat of its brow.

So Mexico turns to protective tariffs, to subsidizing manual training schools, to organized labor, to dogged efforts to build up industry. Slowly, very slowly, here and there, she is succeeding with her factories. Once, for example, she imported all the shoes she wore. Now she makes twenty-five per cent of them herself. Also she shows progress in making cement, leather goods, tires, clothing, foundry products, and preserved foods.

The average Mexican worker's output may be less than that of his American colleagues in the same field of endeavor. But the long experience of American companies in Mexico—who to-day employ tens of thousands of natives—is that the Mexican properly instructed makes a faithful, efficient machinist or artisan.

Moved by this same economic impulse to feed herself, and more cheaply, Mexico now plans various federal irrigation projects—to grow more crops. A contract has been signed with a New York engineering firm to build dams, canals, etc., and reclaim much now arid land.

To-day Mexico is frightened at the huge sums she must pay in bad crop years for American corn. Her staple food is corn. Yet in one bad year she paid us $11,000,000 for it. This year, also, she is buying from us millions of bushels of wheat. Every year now she buys from us increasing millions' worth of foodstuffs—everything from meat products, lard, canned salmon, wheat, corn, and fruits to chewing-gum and fresh eggs—millions of dozens. So another of labor's resolves is to improve agriculture and cut the cost of living. Coupled with this comes the newly founded farm bank, to give credit to peons who have received free land, so they can buy seed, work animals, and implements.

Some Mexican labor organization has been foolish. In its ignorance, it could not be otherwise. Scores of widely different groups are organized—even the bootblacks of Vera Cruz. Now every shine-boy in that turbulent, union-scourged port must pay $1.50 a month to the union, or get kicked out of the park or off the hotel steps. Result: to raise the extra $1.50 shine boys put up their prices—and many patrons now polish their own shoes at home.

I talked to a barber in Mexico City. "I'm quitting the union," he said. "Sunday I spoke to a meeting of a thousand barbers—urged 'em all to quit. The union got foolish. It forbade us to work Sundays. That's the one day when all Mexican clerks and office workers have time enough to lie in the chair an hour and get all we've got—from shave, haircut, and singe to face massage and manicure. On Sundays we take in three or four times what we can earn on any week day, yet the fool leaders order me to close my shop. I won't!"

A POPULAR precept in Mexico now is that labor is more than a commodity. It should be dignified far above the old idea that maximum physical effort could pay only for minimum food and shelter. The modern minimum wage, Mexican labor reasonably says, should be sufficient not only to satisfy man's wants, but to pay for his ordinary pleasures, and also to educate his sons.

Many laws, such as those regulating child labor, women's working conditions, workmen's compensation in case of sickness or accident, the right to strike, etc., are on a par with the best legislation in more forward countries.

On the other hand, some of the laws are ridiculous. One local law compels the payment of wages while men are on strike, no matter why the strike. Another says that a workman injured while he is drunk or under the influence of drugs is yet entitled to twenty-five per cent of the indemnity otherwise payable to him. No man can be fired without the approval of a board of arbitration and conciliation.

ON paper, the present Mexican régime is not a labor Government at all. In the Cabinet the unions have only one representative, Mr. Luis Morones, who is at once Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor and also head of the CROM. In both houses of Congress labor has a minority. Yet in practice Mexico has a labor Government, because Calles is a labor colleague. Before his election he declared himself a labor candidate. He personally attended the last labor convention and reiterated his determination to put through his policies to make life easier for the workers.

"You can be assured," Mexican papers quote him as telling the convention, "that the Government is making every effort to build up a new country. It is occupied with the education of the masses, especially the indigenous masses, who up to the present time have been unable to lift themselves from that slavery which has existed in our national life." As proof of the zeal his administration is showing to this end, the President pointed to the 3,000 rural schools which have opened their doors to the forgotten children of the fields—to the disinherited who have borne the burdens of labor through the centuries.

"As long as I am President of the Republic," said Calles, "the Constitution of 1917 will be enforced. You can go home and say to your friends that they can have every confidence in the Government of the Republic. Every measure is being taken to bring prosperity; and all the rights of labor, as provided by law, will be guaranteed."

But it is very hard for Calles to keep on good terms with foreign business interests in Mexico and still meet the demands of the Mexican labor leaders who helped elect him. His is a perplexing job.

Extreme as many Mexican labor laws are, to the Mexican workmen they are still mere political victories. They are seldom economic victories. Wages are higher, but so is the cost of living. The right to strike is freely enjoyed, but too often the strike results in imposing terms on employers more severe than their margin of profit will permit them to accept. So often industry is closed down or reduces the scale of its operations—thus is the strike a boomerang to labor.

VERA CRUZ is one place where labor was singularly triumphant. It had its own way almost absolutely. But it went to such extremes as almost to ruin completely the once large trade of this ancient port. Here, said the press, stevedores once struck simply because a ship's officer happened to laugh at the way they were doing their work. Another strike was called, it is said, because shipping agents tried to discharge a worker

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who had been caught stealing cargo. Here, too, certain old Spanish trading houses closed their doors because the unions insisted on enforcing a local labor law which says that eighty per cent of all employees in any firm must be Mexicans. A similar situation arose at Guaymas, on the west coast.

To conciliate, to keep business going, and thus feed the workers Morones often calls conferences between labor leaders on one side and managers of certain textile, mining, oil, and other industries on the other. Already it has been demonstrated to the more intelligent labor leaders that higher wages and shorter hours in all industries cannot be merely decreed by law and enjoyed by all workers without taking into consideration industry's capacity to pay.

There are still certain labor leaders who refer to all capital as "the enemy of labor." But Secretary Morones in his public utterances and addresses to labor meetings has repeatedly pointed out that one of Mexico's great needs is capital, especially foreign capital; that without it the country's resources cannot be developed or the condition of labor improved. Such capital is warmly welcomed, he declares, but it must observe the laws.

THERE are growing signs that many leaders—the more astute—already realize that various extreme laws must be modified for the common good of labor and capital. Already certain of the more harsh provisions are tacitly ignored.

Article 123, the Workmen's Bill of Rights, says, for example, that when any worker is discharged he must be given three months' pay. No one complies with this law—not even the federal or local governments themselves. Many private employers avoid it by simply hiring all men on a "temporary" basis.

Here unionism is very strong. Also, under able foreign tutelage, it is precocious. It learns fast. It begins to see it cannot kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Capital must be allowed at least to breathe, or it cannot pay wages. And most of Mexico lives on daily wages.

On the other hand, capital admits that revolution brought Mexico far-reaching, enduring social changes. Mexican labor is freed forever from the conditions Diaz knew. It is linked up now with organized labor in America, Germany, and England. International labor leaders, like Ben Smith, M.P., and A. A. Purcell, head of the great British unions, now visit Mexico and give her unions advice. "I am astonished, but delighted," Purcell told me in Mexico last November, "to find labor here so widely organized. British workers take a deep interest in their Mexican colleagues."

The startling change in the dress, manners, and mental attitude of the workers in all big Mexican centers—compared with what it was even five years ago—proves that labor is learning to think. The hordes of laborers who surge back and forth across our southern border each season carry home new ideas, a smattering of English, ability to drive a motor truck or repair a telephone, as well as radio sets, graphophones.

To improve the welfare of her workers is Mexico's big job. It will be a long job. Nor can she slight it if she hopes ever to feed herself and become a commercial nation. Probably no nation can solve its labor problem completely. Adam had to work even when he owned the earth. Labor is always as much a moral as an economic question. Laws, strikes, more wages, less work—none of these can solve any nation's labor problems. Only education. And this, for Mexico, is a question of generations.

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

BORN in New York in 1869, bred in the tenement district off the Bowery, among people whom he regards as among the finest in the world, receiving after apprenticeship his diploma as a machinist, Charles Stelzle has lived a life about as varied as falls to the lot of any American. His Autobiography, of which the following is the concluding installment, has made a wide impression. As a reader of The Outlook in Spain wrote to one of The Outlook's editors, there is no such type in that country as has been here depicted. In fact, such a life as Charles Stelzle's would be impossible in any country but America.

XX

The Religion of the New Democracy

THE men of every age believed that they were living on the verge of a great crisis. It was probably true. It does not require a very wise man to say that we are living in the most wonderful age in the world's history.

In my twenty-five years' contact with National and international problems it has been very clear that down beneath the series of great happenings there is going on the struggle for democracy the world over. The dreams and visions of the prophets and martyrs are now being realized. Down through the centuries men and women have fought for democracy in religion, in government, in education; they have struggled for social democracy, the democracy of the sexes, the democracy of the races, and now we are in the throes of the fight for industrial democracy. Just what form industrial democracy will take nobody knows, but it must be apparent to any open-eyed observer that these various phases of the fight are one, and that just as the common people were victorious in the past, so they are sure to win to-day.

Conditions throughout the whole world indicate that this is the era of the common man. Slowly but surely the masses of the people are coming into their own. No human power can stop their onward march, and no divine power will.

WHAT shall be the attitude of the Church in this new democracy which is growing so rapidly among the people? Shall the Church permit un-

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scrupulous agitators to usurp the place which rightfully belongs to it, or shall the Church with courage finish the task which it so long ago began, so that this new democracy shall be charged, not with the spirit of gross materialism, but with the spirit of Jesus? This, to my mind, is the most important question which confronts the Church to-day.

In the first place, its leaders must believe in the Church.

DURING a recent summer I lectured on a Chautauqua Circuit in the Middle West in sixty-nine different cities on sixty-nine consecutive days, my general subject being "The Church and the Man Outside." In each of these cities I held an afternoon conference with the ministers and officers of the local churches, largely for my own information, so that I might get a better picture of what was going on in these towns. In every instance I asked these men:

"Suppose you were a man outside the Church, and knowing as you do just what the ideals, the motives, and the activities of your churches are, what is there about these that would make you say, 'That is great, that is worth living and working for'—what is the big challenging thing in your church that would make you resolve to give yourself wholly and completely to the promotion of such an enterprise?"

Strange as it may seem, in not a single instance did I secure a prompt reply to my question. It was as though they had never thought of it before. Finally, "the challenge of the foreign missionary enterprise" and other rather vague, worn answers were given, to all of which I invariably replied:

"Suppose you were selling goods for some big concern in this country and you could not immediately give a reason as to why your prospect should buy these goods—you would lose your job as quick as a wink. And yet here you are giving your lives to the promotion of an important organization in this town, and you cannot answer even to your own satisfaction why a man outside the Church should believe in it and identify himself with it."

THE Church must vindicate its right to be the final authority on great moral and ethical problems. I do not say that the Church must be the final authority on economic and sociological questions—this is not its chief business, however well informed its ministers may be regarding these subject.

I never have been particularly impressed with sets of resolutions adopted by ministers' associations on how railroads and mines and other commercial enterprises should be conducted—that is, not any more than I have by resolutions adopted by other groups of citizens equally intelligent but who would totally disagree with the preachers. For ministers are not experts on economics. They are presumed to be experts on religion and ethics, and their task is to apply these to every phase of life.

But the Church, above every other organization, must interpret the religion of the new democracy, and this means that it must be able to interpret life in all of its aspects, because our great social, economic, and political problems are fundamentally moral and religious in their nature. There never was a strike, an epidemic, a war, a social or economic situation of any kind, that did not have all around it and shot through it a clear-cut moral principle, so that what I am advocating is not an abstract thing far removed from the life of the people. It is the preacher's business to find this principle and to apply it fearlessly in his public preaching. There is nothing more important than this—there is more dynamite in it than there is in the half-baked preaching that one often hears on theoretical social problems. Religion is not an abstract thing far removed from the life of the people.

It is not a question as to whether religion is big enough to accomplish this purpose; it is rather a question as to whether the Church is big enough to apply the principles of religion to the modern situation.

I have a strong conviction that the Church offers a freer platform for a man with a real message than he can find anywhere else. He will be freer to express himself than he could possibly be as a lecturer, as a newspaper writer, or through a political party. But the pathetic fact remains that when men of God appeared in every period of the Church's progress they met their greatest opposition, not from those outside the Church, but from those within.

ONE of the most startling situations in the new economic world is the position taken by women in this country, particularly as it affects their activities in the Church. Formerly, women were quite content to attend to all the little details of the Church's work—in the Missionary and Ladies' Aid Societies and in preparing the banquets conducted by the "Brotherhoods." The new opportunity in industrial and commercial life, their activities in civic and political affairs, and the many other opportunities which have come to them have made them growingly indifferent to these smaller tasks, and their interest in the Church as a whole has been steadily decreasing. It may be that the day will arrive when the Church will be bothered less by the question, why men do not go to Church, than by the question, why the women are steadily leaving the Church. It may then be said, as has often been remarked about the Church giving men a "man's job," that if the Church is to hold its women, it must give them a "real woman's job."

In the new democracy the Church must be big enough to include all those whose lives are dominated by the spirit of Jesus and who seek to bring in the kingdom of God, no matter what their economic beliefs may be. The Church must not be called upon to advocate any particular social system. Frankly, it should be recognized that a man may be a Socialist, a Communist, or a philosophical Anarchist and still be a Christian. It is absurd to insist otherwise.

SIXTY years ago there was a Civil War in the United States. Practically everybody else has squared up and forgotten it a long time ago excepting the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Church, and several other groups which still maintain the divisions for which the Civil War was responsible, and their ever getting together seems almost hopeless, even though the occasion for the division has long since passed by. Indeed, in many respects different ecclesiastical organizations in the same denomination are more bitter against one another than they are against organizations of other denominations.

Our churches need to learn the lesson in the face of the modern social situation that God may yet again raise up another prophet through whom he may speak. Nobody knows what form the organization may take which this modern prophet shall set up. His work may be done outside the Church altogether.

God in nature never made two things exactly alike—even the finger-prints of every new-born child are different from those of every other child that was ever born or that ever will be born. Why should it be thought necessary that God run all men through the same mold so that they shall all think alike about religion?

Furthermore, the manifestation of a man's religion will change as time goes on. Many of us have not had a new revelation from God in years. We cannot understand why others whose minds and hearts are open to the truth have developed and grown.

There is a tremendous sweep between

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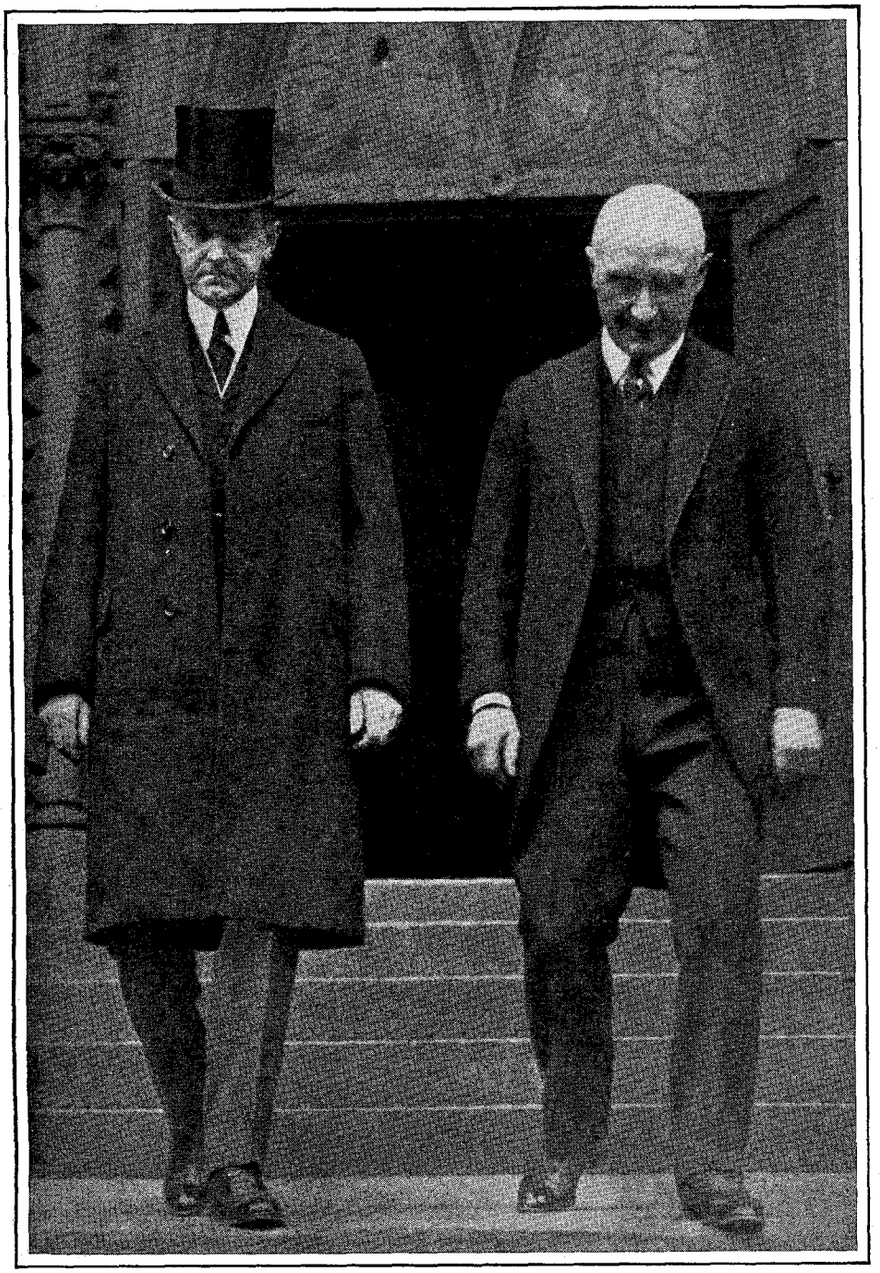

Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

President Coolidge and Mr. Stelzle leaving the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., following services which opened a week's series of meetings on "America at the Crossroads," which Mr. Stelzle conducted in the President's church last spring

the revelation of God to Moses in the burning bush and the revelation of God to the world through Jesus. Religion is a progressive thing.

THE religion of the new democracy not only demands that each man shall live his own life, but that he give up his own life that others may live. The time has come for the Church to promote a great crusade with this slogan:

"He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The Lord's Prayer is a social prayer. There isn't a single "I" or "my" in the entire petition. From the very first word—"Our"—it is a collective appeal. "Give *us* this day our daily bread." "Forgive *us* our trespasses." "Lead *us* not into temptation." "Deliver *us* from evil."

"I will not see thy face except thy brother be with thee" may be literally applied to the one who offers the Lord's Prayer as his petition.

WHAT does the Church need to-day? If it is to fulfill its function in the modern situation, it does not necessarily need more money. It was most powerful, considering its numerical strength, when it had practically no wealth. When Jesus sent out his disciples to conquer the world, he told them not to bother with money, and in those days the Church was a great revolutionary force. Of course, the Church needs money to carry on its work under present conditions, but money threatens some day to become the curse of the Church just as it has proved to be the curse of many another institution.

It does not need more members. It is not a question of whether the Church is gaining or losing in membership, for the actual power of an organization is never determined by mere numbers. It is a question of whether it is gaining the right kind of members. Gideon's band of a few hundred was far more effective than the army of thousands of half-hearted soldiers which preceded it. That minister who said that they had been having a great revival in his church, not because so many had been added to his church, but because so many had been getting out, spoke a solemn truth.

It does not need more ministers, despite the cry of theological schools and church boards for more recruits. There are now over 200,000 ministers in this country. What is needed is not more ministers, but better ministers, real interpreters and prophets of the modern day.

It does not need more organization. There are already too many societies in the Church. It requires too much energy and vitality to keep the machinery going. One of the severest and most justifiable criticisms of the Church is that it is over-organized. It needs to be more simple and more direct. It needs to touch the life of the community more than it is now doing.

It does not chiefly need more sociability, nor more philanthropy, nor more efficiency. It needs all of these, but, above all, it needs men and women who are ready to pay the price of discipleship. More than all these, it needs the discipline of persecution because it has dared go contrary to the accepted order of things—when these things are wrong. Nothing would make the Church grow in influence quite so much as to be persecuted for "righteousness' sake."

THERE are some churches and individuals who seek to justify their indifference to the social situation by the Scripture: "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." It is unfortunate that they have narrowed this text to a mere theological definition. What does "Jesus crucified" signify if it doesn't mean service and sacrifice and suffering? The exponents of social service might well take the cross as an emblem of their philosophy, for it is more nearly typical of what they believe than any other symbol. The deepest meaning of the cross finds its expression in unselfish devotion to all the needs of men.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Corralling These Colts of Pegasus

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

LET us start a new literary game. We'll read out the titles of modern books of verse to the assembled *intelligentsia,* who must try to guess from the titles the nature and contents of the books to which they appertain. Try it.

What, for instance, would you make of "Not Poppy,"[1] which adorns the jacket of Virginia Moore's first and decidedly appealing book of verse? One reviewer pardonably misread the title, "Hot Poppy," which would have been equally modern and appropriate. On turning a few leaves, you will discover that the title was taken from a quotation from Othello, beginning,

> Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.

A pleasant device is this of abbreviated quotation, recalling the tale of the preacher who—in the remote past when, not bobbing the hair, but piling it high on the head was the feminine practice that was threatening civilization—was heard to announce from the pulpit, "The text of my discourse will be, 'Topknot come down!'" When asked where the text was to be found, he referred inquirers to Matthew xxiv, 17, "Let him that is on the housetop not come down." Nevertheless Miss Moore can both write and sing. There is originality and delight in the allusion to a baby as—

> A live and rounded lyric
> With little riming joints,
> And eyes set, sweet and sudden,
> Like exclamation points.

Next, you are defied to guess the origin and significance of the title of Alfred Kreymborg's collection, "Scarlet and Mellow."[2] The answer is that it derives from an *unpublished* comedy, "the heroes of which are Simeon Scarlet and Montague Mellow, a 'radical' and a 'conservative' poet, respectively." Presumably this epigram, "Disgrace," which would really make a nice little valentine, is under the Scarlet banner:

> I do
> neither you or me
> honor by falling in love with you:
> it's much too easy.

We will continue our game at the expense of Joseph Auslander, a full-fledged poet whose proved wings are growing still stronger and surer. You will hardly infer what "Cyclops' Eye"[3] indicates; but when you explore the book you will find that this title is likewise that of one of the last poems, wherein the visual organ peculiar to the race of Polyphemus is parenthetically described as "an Eye that did not see so much as feel." From the first poem, "Steel," onward, the book has plenty of powerful and varied stuff, with occasional unnecessary obscurities. It is rather surprising to find a poet with so strong a feeling for classical mythology stressing "Ixion" on the first instead of the second syllable in order to make a near-rhyme with "done." Yet much worse offenses will be forgiven Mr. Auslander if he can persuade his young contemporaries to take his own vow:

> I will not make a sonnet from
> Each little private martyrdom;
> Nor out of love left dead with time
> Construe a stanza or a rhyme.

Marie Emilie Gilchrist's title, "Wide Pastures,"[4] is in harmony with the atmosphere of many of her outdoor poems. Caresse Crosby's "Graven Images"[5] is non-committal. Georgiana Thayer's "Eve Passes"[6] repeats the title of an ingratiating little poem in the collection, and measurably suggests the truth that in the book a woman is speaking as a woman. H. Thompson Rich's "I Come Singing"[7] is misleading, as the author comes free-versing; but he does sing a little before he goes. Edward Davison's "Harvest of Youth"[8] is precisely that; and there is fine promise in the first book of this young Englishman, now domiciled here at Vassar College. Vachel Lindsay's "Going-to-the-Stars"[9] is, to speak of the book as well as the title, far below the poet's splendid best; and the author's home-made illustrations are scratchy libels of the mountains and flowers that they are intended to suggest.

That lively little Irish poet James Stephens himself explains why his recent collection is called "A Poetry Recital."[10] It consists of poems that experience has proved can be effectively read to audiences; and if you haven't been a component of one of those audiences you have missed something, especially the epitome of cathood in "The Fur Coat" and the fine completeness of the curse of the bibulous old bard in "Righteous Anger."

For those interested in learning more of the work of the author of that famous lyric "The Rosary" the Dial Press has reprinted "The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers."[11]

What Thomas Moult appraises as "The Best Poems of 1925"[12] are published in a book of that title. He is probably right as frequently as most anthologists. "Yesterday and Today,"[13] an anthology compiled by Louis Untermeyer, evidences more than ordinary thought, care, and research by the compiler to make the book suitable and valuable for use in schools. It contains an exceptionally original selection from poets both of yesterday and of to-day, and is notable for its commendably liberal inclusions from the poems of Emily Dickinson.

David Morton's "The Sonnet Today and Yesterday"[14] is not an exhaustive discussion of its theme, but is in the nature of a pleasant and informing chat, with a few modern instances chosen to indicate how wide is the field of the adventurous sonneteer. In "Poets and Their Art"[15] Harriet Monroe discusses poems and their makers, most of the latter being contemporary producers of what she has been pleased to extol as "the new poetry," with a few poets of the days when poetry was not praised or condemned as being "new" or "old," but was merely poetry. Miss Monroe's com-

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[1] Not Poppy. By Virginia Moore. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

[2] Scarlet and Mellow. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

[3] Cyclops' Eye. By Joseph Auslander. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

[4] Wide Pastures. By Marie Emilie Gilchrist. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

[5] Graven Images. By Caresse Crosby. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

[6] Eve Passes. By Georgiana Thayer. Harold Vinal, New York.

[7] I Come Singing. By H. Thompson Rich. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.75.

[8] Harvest of Youth. By Edward Davison. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

[9] Going-to-the-Stars. By Vachel Lindsay. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

[10] A Poetry Recital. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[11] The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers. The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

[12] The Best Poems of 1925. Selected by Thomas Moult. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

[13] Yesterday and Today. Compiled by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

[14] The Sonnet Today and Yesterday. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

[15] Poets and Their Art. By Harriet Monroe. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

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ments on such themes are always worth attention, and if she has her prejudices, let us grant that she has earned her right to them.

If you consider Mr. Theodore Dreiser an infallible critic of lyric drama, you may believe that George Sterling's "Lilith" [16] is a work of such art and significance that Euripides, Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Shelley (as catalogued) had best look to their laurels. If you ask me, I think that Mr. Dreiser is a friend of Mr. Sterling, and that "Lilith" is an interesting dramatic poem or poetic play, containing passages worthy of Mr. Sterling's deservedly high reputation.

[16] Lilith. By George Sterling. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Fiction

OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES. By Jacob Wassermann. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

"German—it is a remote conception. It is far, far away. To be a German is as if one were in the midst of a wild, incoherent dream; there is no body, no boundaries, no limit. It is like water in the dark: it runs and runs, and no one knows where; it speaks and speaks, and no one knows what."

To an entirely respectful reviewer, wondering how, without apparent self-condemnation as either stupid or flippant, it was going to be possible to express the honest emotions aroused by the latest work of a deservedly distinguished author, these words upon the concluding page of "Oberlin's Three Stages" came as a blessed relief. They suffice. Not all Germans all the time, nor many Germans much of the time, but some Germans some of the time, are exactly like that; and this time so is Jacob Wassermann. The dream in this instance, it may be added, has more than a touch of nightmare; and it feels good at the end to give one's self a shake, realize that one is clothed, clean, and awake, and let in the sun.

THE GREAT VALLEY. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

In her latest novel Mary Johnston has again exploited pioneer American life, with which she is so familiar. This story takes the Scotch Presbyterian minister, John Selkirk, and his family from Old Virginia, where they have just landed, to the then "Far, Far West," known as the Shenando country or the Great Valley lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. When Stephen Trabue, the Huguenot, has wagoned this party of nine over the Blue Ridge and landed them safely in Burke's Tract with their farm implements and other "needments," and the author has considerately skipped six years to give them time to build their log cabins and grist mills and to plant their maize fields, we are introduced to life and romance in the New Virginia in the middle of the eighteenth century.

We note that Richmond, from which these travelers started on their rough and perilous journey, was founded nearly two hundred years ago by Colonel William Byrd, ancestor of Lieutenant-Commander Richard E. Byrd, who lately flew over the North Pole—the spirit of adventure his by right of inheritance from these intrepid forefathers.

The Shenando country, where buffalo and Indians once roamed, was at this time, for some unknown reason, deserted by both, so

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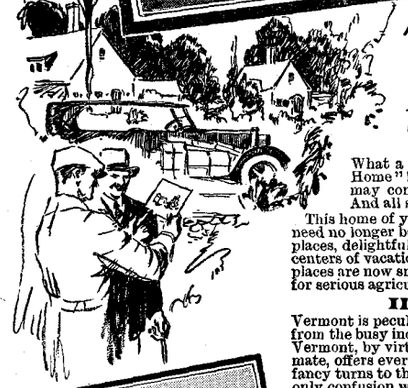

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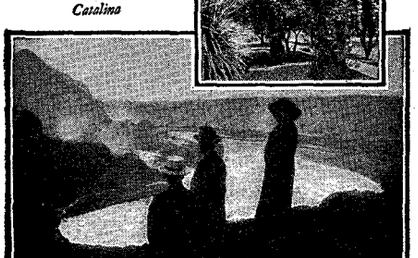

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these early settlers had little to fear but the wild creatures from the forest. Elizabeth Selkirk, the heroine, but eleven when the family crossed the Blue Ridge—weeping for homesickness, one night, when lying awake in the open, she watches a blue star walk across the sky—in due time marries Conan Burke, son of the owner of Burke's Tract. But after comfortably settling themselves there, they are moved to push still farther into the wilderness with their children and John Selkirk, willing to leave behind him certain parishioners in his church who made life hateful to him because he did not believe in the damnation of unbaptized babies. But the French and Indian War was at hand, and New England itself furnished no direr tales of terror than did New Virginia during the Seven Years' War. The Shawnees made havoc in the pleasant valley with fire and slaughter and plunder, and furnish stirring incidents for Miss Johnston's slow-moving but impressive story.

THE LOVE OF MADEMOISELLE. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

France and Florida after the St. Bartholomew Massacre, with an English hero, a French heroine, and a Spanish villain. Romantic and with a cloak-and-sword swagger.

THE OLD HOME TOWN. By Rupert Hughes. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

Mr. Rupert Hughes is at his worst and best in dealing with sophisticated or romanticized persons placed in situations of peril or emotional stress. In such tales his genuine gift of clear and swift narrative and vivid superficial characterization count for all they are worth, and perhaps more. But these gifts are sadly insufficient in presenting the home folk of "The Old Home Town." Mr. Hughes obviously tries hard, but the obliterative emphasis with which he renders their countrified ways and intellectual crudities soon becomes tiresome, and both the humor and the pathos are of a stock-in-trade type. Even the great dam in the background is more a stage property than the vital matter it was meant to be.

PLUPY, BEANY & PEWT: CONTRACTORS. By Henry A. Shute. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

When Judge Shute wrote "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" every one said that it was right funny, but he couldn't do it again. This is now the sixth or eighth time he has done it again, and the present series is just as funny as its predecessors.

Biography

AMERICA GIVE ME A CHANCE! By Edward W. Bok. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Another brew from the leaves of "The Americanization of Edward Bok." Six copyright dates are necessary to cover the obligations of this "story of a boy for a boy" to that and Mr. Bok's other volumes of reminiscence. It is entirely in a complimentary sense that one may say that there is nothing in "The Americanization" or any of the others that should be beyond the comprehension of a modern boy of ordinary intelligence. Mr. Bok's style has the clarity of crystal, and it is no part of his power or intention to be dull. By the way, how many people besides Mr. Bok attended that unique symphony concert at which the Philadelphia Orchestra played the "Unfinished" symphony "by Schumann"?

THE LIFE OF RACINE. By Mary Duclaux. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

Under the frontispiece portrait that invariably adorns four-dollar biographies is a quotation from Dostoievsky, *"Que nous le voulions ou non, c'est un grand poète."* Not absolutely unqualified praise, but let us bow to Miss Duclaux; an author attempting to interest the American public in Jean Racine in the year 1926 has her work cut out for her.

It is moderately safe to say that for fully ninety-six per cent of the people whose education has entailed the reading of "Phèdre" or "Andromaque" Jean Racine remains one of the most colossal stuffed shirts in literature. There is nothing in English history or in English thought to compare with the artificiality of French letters under Louis XIV. Alexander Pope might have taken Corneille or Racine at their true worth, but it is nearly as hard for us to appreciate Javanese temple dancers as it is to find the beauty that lies in their plush-covered verses. Every book, every manifestation of our life to-day, leads directly away from the mental attitude necessary to weep for a heroine dying in rhyming couplets.

Miss Duclaux has acquired that attitude for herself. Racine is a fearfully important person to her, but for one reason or another the thing gets cold before it reaches the reader. There is the confusion of dates and incident that is the curse of books on this period. She tried to cover too big a field; the careless will still think that Jansenism has something to do with Swedish exercises, and that every woman in France was the king's mistress. Still she gives a number of Racine's letters, which are charming. Only in his letters does the Court poet unbutton himself, and Miss Duclaux translates them particularly well.

History

EUROPE AND THE EAST. By Norman Dwight Harris, Professor of Diplomacy and International Law, Northwestern University. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The author undertakes "to relate the story of European expansion and intervention in Asia and the Pacific Ocean in one concise and readable volume, so that the entire movement may be seen in its proper perspective and so that the main facts will be available to students of international politics and to intelligent readers who desire to understand present-day movements and conditions in the East."

The effort is a really notable one, but it falls considerably short of success. Obviously, Professor Harris's reading is immense, and his factish errors are few; but he has by no means mastered his immense material. This is particularly true of the chapters dealing with China and Japan, the most important regions surveyed. As a political philosopher Professor Harris is naïve and preachy. His attitude toward this humorously constructed world does credit to his heart, but not to his head.

HISTORY OF MISSISSIPPI, THE HEART OF THE SOUTH. By Dunbar Rowland. 2 vols. Illustrated. The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, Chicago.

Here are two volumes, 10¾ by 7¾ inches in height and breadth, with 1,638 pages of print, by the Director of the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History. If there is any question concerning Mississippi that is not somewhere answered in the work, one wonders what it may be. From the legends of the aborigines to the present state of industrial progress, from the oratorical flights of ante-bellum statesmen to the ravages of the boll-weevil—all are here, and each item is readily discoverable by means of a good index. A work indicating copious industry and revealing a somewhat exalted degree of pride in most things (the carpetbag régime is of course excepted) relating to the Magnolia State.

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE. By Allen Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

In the small compass of 176 pages Professor Johnson has packed a wealth of luminous comment on the problems of the historian. Primarily he deals with the character of evidence and with the caution that must be observed in determining its value. The fallibility of eye-witnesses, the prejudices or sinister motives of second-

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hand narrators, the wiles of propagandists, the knavery of plagiarists and forgers, and the mischievousness of hoaxers, along with the too strong predilections of the historian himself, make common cause against the writing of perfect history. There is a brief glance, not over-friendly, at the "new" history and the "new" biography; and the book closes with an admonitory note in behalf of more and ever more scrutiny in the examination of material and of patient exactness in recording the result. It is a work of fine scholarship, felicitously expressed.

Essays and Criticism

A BUCOLIC ATTITUDE. By Water Prichard Eaton. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.

While Mr. Eaton does inveigh scandalously against cities, and especially the best beloved one, his bucolic ways have lain in such pleasant places that we are enchanted to read of them. Sharply, yet poetically, he draws that old house and garden of his, set in the deep country, and remodeled and tended by his own enthusiasic hands. Mr. Eaton was for years a dramatic critic, and we touch his ability in the description of renting his first house. "We had no fear," he says, "of Calvinistic ghosts. . . . Behind the house we found an old, old garden, the roses gone to a lush tangle of pink briers. We talked to the gardener. He was of an indefinite age with a pure Celtic eye. 'Your garden looks well,' we said. 'It does, surely,' he replied. I cannot put into print the rhythm of that brief sentence, nor the brogue. But you'll know it if you ever saw a Synge play at the Abbey Theatre.

"'Can we get the gardener with the place?' we asked.

"'You can't get the place without him,' was the reply."

That was the beginning of the bucolic attitude.

EDITORIALS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by Charles Woodward Hutson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The digging into the mine of Lafcadio Hearn's career in American journalism continues to be good. Mr. Hutson's pick and shovel have delved deeply into the files of the "Item" and "Times Democrat" of New Orleans, and have brought much of interest and value to the surface. Editorial merit at the day was high. It had become a tradition in New Orleans, whose journals ranked far into the modern period as superior organs of opinion and expression. The writings culled from Hearn's contributions show great variety, and the engaging touch of the genius who penned them shows brilliantly. Many of the topics were exotic, as was the man who wrote on them. His descriptive powers came into full play. To read "Rainbow Birds" is to revel in the colorful aviaries of tropic forests, while his rare literary sense comes clearly to the surface in considering "A French Translation of Edgar Poe." In all, the text of eighty editorials is reproduced. To one with the responsibility of producing a "page" they bring a sense of envy.

Philosophy

THOBBING: A SEAT AT THE CIRCUS OF THE INTELLECT. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.50.

"Thobbing" is a Lewis Carroll sort of word, fashioned by the author to combine the sense of thinking without curiosity, holding an opinion because one likes it and believing what is handy. It is much the same thing as Professor Conklin's "wishful thinking," and not greatly different from Professor Robinson's "rationalizing." There is plenty of it in this sad old world, and any one who can shock us into a better use of our minds is a benefactor. Unfortunately, the author reveals himself to be quite as accomplished a "thobber" as any of the horrible examples he brings to our attention. Though often keen and witty, he is oftener merely smart and cocky; and, though sometimes well based in his instances and generalizations, he is at other times the mere dogmatic proclaimer of quite preposterous "thobs" of his own. The seeing eye, he writes, is the sole discoverer of truth; the reason carries us into cloudland, and the "creative intellect" never created anything. It is not hard to imagine into what a complex of confusions such a postulate, if rigidly held to, will carry one. But he does not at all times adhere to it, and he reaches other confusions by following his pet prejudices. Some of the chapters, by their obvious self-contradictions, will be found highly amusing. He is himself aware, as he admits, of his propensity for indulging in the thing he ridicules; being human, he says, he could hardly be free from it. But the jauntiness of the tone with which he makes confession awakens a certain disquietude and a suspicion that he has not shrived himself wholly from pride of intellect. Yet the book, for all its faults, will be found a stimulating and informing piece of work. From our own "thobbing" we may never entirely free ourselves; but it is an immensely helpful exercise to dwell on the outstanding examples of the "thobbing" of others.

Travel

BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND. A Tale of New China. By Alice Tisdall Hobart. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

Pointed and poignant is this well-written tale of an American woman who went a bride to China with her husband, an agent for the Standard Oil Company. It is a story of duty, intellectual privation, and personal danger, without complaint, and a deep sense for what is strange, that will not breed any strong desire to tempt fortune in the Far East.

Contributors' Gallery

THE REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, long eminent as lecturer on ecclesiastical law at the Chicago Theological Seminary and corresponding editor successively of the "Advance" and the "Congregationalist," is the author of a list of books which occupies almost a column in "Who's Who;" but his outstanding achievements are his volumes on Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLES STELZLE'S Autobiography, which has been running in The Outlook since March, is concluded in this issue. It will reappear in book form this fall from the presses of the George H. Doran Company.

FREDERICK SIMPICH is well acquainted with conditions in Mexico. He was Consul at Ensenada, Mexico, in 1911 and at Nogales in 1912, and assigned to special duty on the Mexican border in 1917. Lately he has retired from duty in order to devote himself to literary work, and is living at present in El Paso, Texas.

EDITH LUDWIG is an American, the wife of Ernest Ludwig, who was formerly Consul-General of Austro-Hungary at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Ludwig has put into print many of her remarkable experiences during her travels around the globe. Her tales of life under the Boxer Rebellion are especially thrilling.

THE painting reproduced on the cover is one of a series of mural decorations by Diego Rivera on the walls of the Ministry of Education Building in Mexico City. It is called "The Metal Workers," and with others which include "The Dyers," "The Weavers," and "The Pottery Makers," represents the native arts and industries. It was through the courtesy of the "Survey" that we were able to obtain this exceptional reproduction.

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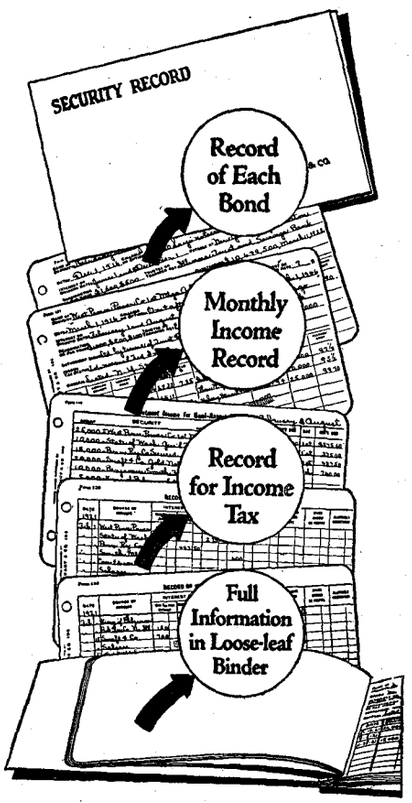

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Business Has Ethics

THE author of "Babbitt" expended considerable space in ridiculing the efforts at virtue of American business and business men. There is, to be sure, a legitimate subject for ridicule in the grown-up who has decided that virtue is a paying proposition. Query, however: Isn't the honest turning to virtue of an old offender a cause for sincere congratulation and serious applause rather than ridicule? And isn't this particularly the case when, instead of one sinner, sinners by the score, whole associations and leagues of them, set deliberately out on the highway of ethics?

These remarks are prefatory to a few more observations, stimulated by the publication of "The Ethics of Business," by Edgar L. Heermance.[1] Ten years ago a book written in America to such a title would necessarily have been either a lament or an idealistic program. A decade ago was a discouraging time for the would-be ethical in business. Often it is discouraging to-day, and all of us are familiar with various and sundry cheats which we encounter to our loss in commerce. But Mr. Heermance brings cheering news—news not only of bettered conditions, but, much more important, of a better spirit on the part of those who have so much to say about conditions.

The weapon which modern business is using is the "code of ethics." These codes, or sets of commandments, have been adopted not wholly as ideals, but as practical ideals for actual use. There are said to be some 300 such codes: "The list reports an encouraging variety of manufacturing, merchandising, and personal service. You can count to-day on standardized practice, from the doctor and the nurse who help to bring you into the world, and the teacher who guides your youthful steps, and the School Supply Association which calls the children of America 'the seed corn of the nation.' All along the line until the Funeral Directors' Association or the National Selected Morticians lay you in the grave. The Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will supply floral emblems, at a profit not to exceed 20 per cent, and the Memorial Craftsmen of America a suitable monument. And it will be a good monument, for they pledge themselves to put a solid base under it, and not to sell marble for granite or otherwise impose on the helplessness of the deceased."

To what extent business has gone wrong and has been, therefore, in need of ethical straightening out many of us are happily ignorant. The following paragraphs are suggestive of some of the evils in Babbittdom:

"The greatest curse of modern business has been commercial bribery. Some industries are honeycombed with it. Purchasing agents will tell of the constant temptation to which they are subjected. Sometimes it is the frank offer of a commission on all purchases made by the store or factory from a particular firm. Often the temptation is more subtle. A check arrives in the mail, with no questions asked or promises exacted. I have known of a set of cut glass or sterling silver being sent to the purchasing agent's wife. Foremen in a shop may demand a rake-off; if they do not receive it, they 'fix' the product of that firm so that it is never ordered again. In the distribution of toilet articles demonstrators are constantly slipping 'push money' to the clerks. It is a demoralizing and expensive way to carry on business. The only way to stop it is to stop it together. Otherwise it is inevitable that the firm which refuses to pay bribes will lose much of its business to those less scrupulous.

"The trade associations are taking their stand against this evil in no uncertain way. Almost every code of business ethics has a ringing clause condemning it. They say very little about the receiver of the bribe, but go straight to the source of the evil, the firm which is low enough to offer a bribe. The members of the association pledge themselves not to offer commissions or allow their salesmen to offer them. The standard of the printers' organization, the United Ty-

[1] The Ethics of Business. By Edgar L. Heermance. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1926.

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pothetæ, the oldest of our trade codes, made this wise statement over thirty years ago: 'On no account consent to pay commissions to bookkeepers, secretaries, or others who have work to give out. It is demoralizing to both the giver and the taker. Money is passed without a proper equivalent. The agent is selling something he has no right to sell, and unless the printer has a better conscience than is ordinarily met with the commission is added to the bill, and the customer pays more than he should.' "

Mr. Heermance's book deserves thoughtful reading. It is not at all a dull book. It abounds in concrete illustrations and is not without its humor. And the author, moreover, sincerely believes that Christianity is a practical philosophy of life. In the teachings of Jesus man is dealt with as an individual, but always as a social being. Hence the need, if Jesus' teachings are to prevail, for sound—that is to say, ethical—practices in society. Hence particularly the need for them in a business society.

"What I plead for," says the author in conclusion, "is a recognition by the Church of the Christianity already to be found in business, whether it calls itself Christian or not. And by that I mean, not merely an acknowledgment of this element in our business life, but active co-operation with it. To know the codes of ethics of the tradesmen and professional men with whom you are dealing, to know what you as customer or client have a right to expect of them—will help to build up the community sentiment which is the basis of all social ethics."

More power to the spread of business codes! W. L. S.

An Inquiring Reader Asks

Not infrequently we have the privilege of stepping in between a woman with money and no financial experience and a man without money and financial unscrupulousness. As a recent illustration take this:

A widow with one son in grade school had received about $25,000 from her husband's estate. On this capital she must live. "My problem," she tells us, "is the right investments to bring the most on a safe, or as nearly safe basis as can be." Not at all an unusual problem. Her broker suggested putting this money into five stocks, not one of which is conservatively rated as an investment. The broker may or may not have been a good broker, but he was a poor adviser for a widow. We have not yet heard the conclusion of the story, but we think that the ending was a happy one.

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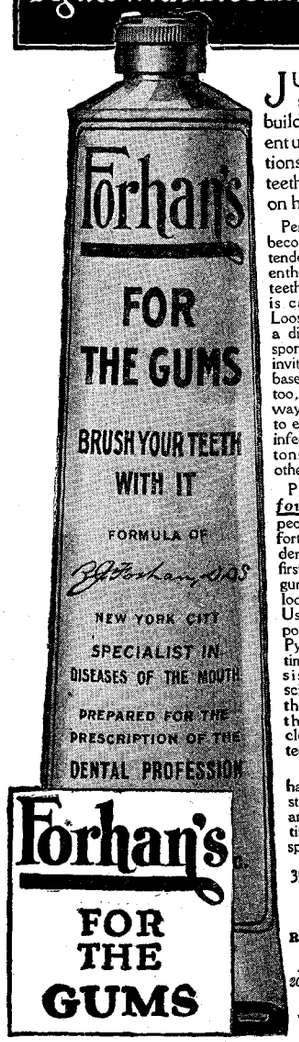
The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks *four out of five* people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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By the Way

A FIFTH AVENUE jeweler in New York City exhibits this sign in his window: "Pearls and Other Precocious Stones." Oysters, it seems, are getting entirely too smart.

The Bible in the English language is the most widely sold book in the world. Whether or not it is as widely read we do not know, but the American Bible Society reports the remarkable total of ten and one-half billion copies sold in 1925. This breaks the record for all previous years. Increases were shown in China, Japan, and throughout the Far East. Russia alone declines to admit the Bible as an influence for good.

"Where's the car, dad?" asked the son of an absent-minded professor.

"Why, dear me," he said, "I really don't know. Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it downtown."

"That's very remarkable," replied the professor. "I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who had given me the lift, and wondered where he had gone."

Fashionable dogs who are taken out for an airing on Piccadilly or Rotten Row in London now have dainty little handkerchiefs tucked in their collars. Their mistresses argue that if men and women carry handkerchiefs, why shouldn't Hector or Rover?

From "Good Hardware:"

Haberdasher: "And will one collar be sufficient, madam?"

Mrs. Higgins: "Do you insinuate, young man, that I have more than one husband?"

He who laughs last, says the humorist, is probably the one who intended to tell the story himself a little later.

A subscriber sends in the remark of little three-year-old Billy, who was watching his pet sheep, Scotty, have his wool shorn. After the act was accomplished Billy said to his mother: "Doesn't Scotty look funny, his coat all cut, and he going around in his union suit?"

Samuel H. Moss writes about two Irishmen who were watching a Shriners' parade:

"Who are those fellows, Mike?"

"They're Shriners."

"And what are Shriners?"

"Why, they're Masons."

"Sure and what the divil do they want now? They're getting $18 a day."

A modest young man recently wrote as follows to the head of a large moving-picture corporation:

"I would like to be an assistant-hero."

Minister: "Can you tell me what a gentleman is, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Yes, sir; he's a grown up boy that used to mind his mother."

Harry Furniss writes in "Paradise to Piccadilly:"

"Keppel would often hunt with Admiral Parker. Keppel was a careless shot, and one day he came back to Mrs. Parker, saying: 'I have had an excellent day's sport. I have shot two woodcock, ten pheasants, a rabbit, and your son.'"

"I can never tell these classical composers apart, can you?"

"No, my dear, they're all Grieg to me."

A farm, according to the Calgary "Herald," is a quaint word formerly used to describe what is now "a beautiful tract for a subdivision."

The advance in motor transportation is causing great distress to the horsewhip manufacturers. Last year alone their business showed a falling off of fifty-eight and one-half per cent.

Famous last words recorded by "Good Hardware"—Watch me do sixty miles an hour!

A far-sighted Broadway chorus girl of nineteen summers has started a dime-a-day savings bank account in order that she shall have sufficient money for a face lifting operation when the time arrives.

From the Houston "Post:"

"Unless they take care, the middle class will be squeezed out of existence," he observed.

"Ah," she remarked thoughtfully, "then I suppose it must have been some members of the middle class I saw under the trees in the park last Sunday evening."

Morris Gest, well-known producer of "The Miracle," is now to devote his showmanship ability to the movies. Morris Gest was the first theater-ticket speculator in New York City. As a boy he would stand in line at a New York theater box-office, buy two gallery tickets to a popular play for two dollars, and resell them for three dollars. Retaining his original capital, he was able to eke out an existence on this daily profit. Soon he developed a very profitable sidewalk ticket business in front of Hammerstein's old Victoria Theater. When Hammerstein wanted some one to take a man and three women to Europe and pilot them back as "Abdul Kaber and His Three Wives," as a publicity stunt, Morris Gest was selected. In this way he began his career. He is now acclaimed the greatest showman in the world.

An unusually ragged tramp knocked at the door of a home and asked the mistress for alms.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she inquired. "You are so ragged and dirty that I am ashamed of you myself."

"Yes," reflected the tramp, "it is a reflection on the generosity of the community!"

Last month a moving-picture star at Hollywood was offered $5,000 by a wealthy film fan for the trimmings of his next haircut. According to "Time," however, the buyer made the purchase for purely business reasons, as he sold the stellar tufts, together with reproductions of photographs, for $10 and up per package.

"Harold, I am really surprised at you putting out your tongue at people!"

"Oh, that was all right, mother; it was only the doctor going past."

Will H. Hays has determined that the movies have troubles enough of their own and has ordered complete neutrality in the films on the prohibition question. All jokes and title quips concerning the dry law are forbidden by the movie czar from now on.

Six words of four letters each, each word containing the same letters, are needed to complete the following verse:

Now mount thy cocking '—— and fly,
May —— speed thee on thy way;
Go, fleet as ——, unto her bower
And to my dearest lady say:
Tho' —— my heart that at her feet
No golden —— I have to lay,
This little —— and all my love
Are hers forever and a day.

Answer next week.

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